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RECREATIONS OF A SPORTSMAN.

VOLUME II.

A STEEPLE-CHASE

RECREATIONS OF A SPORTSMAN.

BY

LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS
SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1852.

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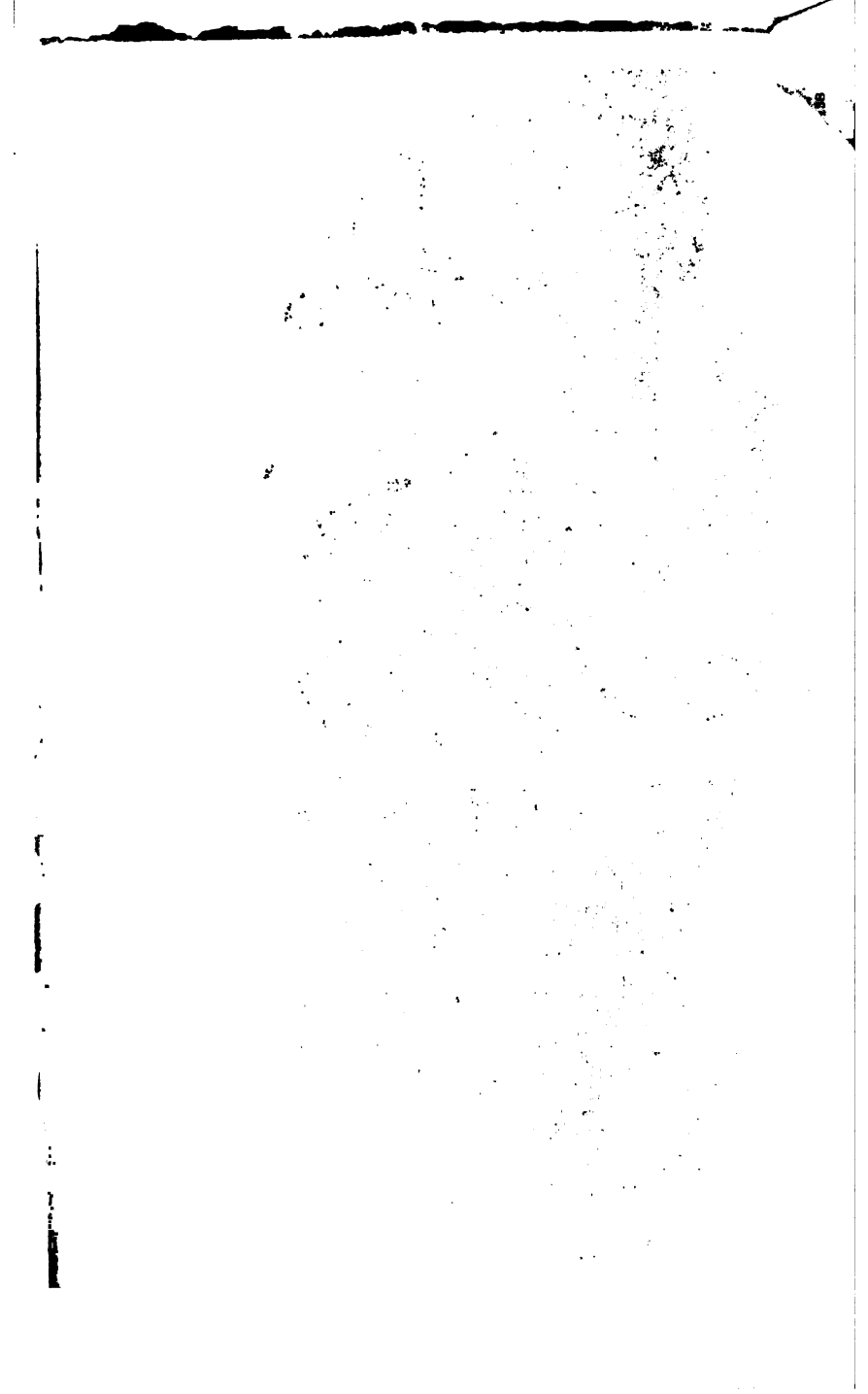

RECREATIONS OF A SPORTSMAN.

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"Like a book of Sport, thou'lt read me."
SHAKSPEARE.

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RECREATIONS OF A SPORTSMAN.

October.

"See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy, he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avails his glossy, varying dyes,
His purple crest, and scarlet circled eyes,
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames of gold!"

POPE.

The Advent of October—Remarkable Days—the Months—Gaudy Pheasant—Nut-Brown Partridge—Unprincipled Dealers in Dogs—The Pointer and Setter—Tricks of the Fancy—The late Earl Fitzhardinge's Lines on a Favourite Blood-Hound—The Modern Battue traced to the Sports of the Ancient Egyptians—Old Customs—Yachting—Prospects of Foreign Invasion—Royal Thames Yacht Club—Statistical Details—Worthing Regatta, and Races on the Sands—Racing and Hunting in France.

AFTER the joyousness of summer—a joyousness

that during the season of 1861 was considerably marred by the quantity of rain that had fallen — comes October, with its destructive winds, shaking down sufficient foliage to strew the far-famed valley of Vallambrosa, and reminding us that the year is fast falling "into the sere, the yellow leaf." Nevertheless, although we can no longer witness the floral beauties of the garden, nor hear the note of the linnet or the lark, we may still enjoy the delight of a stroll among the hedge-rows sparkling with their abundant berries, and decked with the hawthorn, the wild rose, the bramble, briory, privet, honeysuckle, elder, holly, and deadly nightshade; or moralize over the fall of the leaf amidst the rich harmonious shades of the forests and woods, stripped of their summer attire. In the farm much has to be done; wheat should be sown on land from which clover, beans, potatoes, or turnips have been cleared. The quantity sown may be from one to two bushels per acre; on good land, in the southern and midland counties, six pecks are sufficient; but where severe winters prevail, more than two bushels may be required. The grain ought to be sown in drills, nine inches apart.

Rye, winter beans, and winter vetches may also be sown, and potatoes should be got in. Mangel-wurzel, turnips, and carrots should be harvested towards the end of the month. Sheep require great care, and young cattle should be housed early; cows must have frequent change of pasture.

October can boast of many remarkable days and festivals. The battle of Navarino was fought on the 20th in 1827, and that of Trafalgar on the 21st, 1805. All-Hallow E'en is the great festival of the month, and is the vigil of "All Saints' Day." Many curious customs are connected with it; for we find from Burns that "the first ceremony of the festival is pulling each a stock or plant of kail. They must go out, hand-in-hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with; its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all the spells—the husband or wife. If any 'yird' or earth stick to the root, that is 'tocher' or fortune; and the taste of the 'custoc,' that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition." "Burning the nuts" is also a favourite charm. A lad and lass are named to each

particular nut as it is laid in the fire; and according as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, so will the course and issue of the courtship be. In some parts of England three nuts are placed on the bars, and a lover named after each. If a nut cracks or jumps, the lover will prove unfaithful; if it begins to blaze or burn, he has a regard for the person making the trial. If the nuts, named after the girl and her lover, burn together, they will be married.

There is a melancholy reflection connected with this month, which is, that during it, nearly thirty years ago, the cholera made its first appearance in our isle, after having made great ravages in other parts of the world. In Asia it carried off 900,000 souls in two years.

October has proved fatal to many bright luminaries of the church, the bar, and the senate. Among them died Dean Swift on the 19th, 1745; Bishop Heber on the 4th, 1833; and Erskine on the 8th, 1817.

There are few months looked forward to with greater pleasure by the sportsman than the "Winter Fyllish" of the Saxons, now called October. And here, in the onset, we must

digress, to observe how singularly descriptive of the seasons were the names given to the months by Britain's first allies. We subjoin them; remarking, by the way, that the appellations adopted by the French during the Revolution, although more elegant, were not more appropriate than those of the Saxons, whose ideas they evidently borrowed. Their months were styled—

Midwinter Monath—December.

Aefter Yula (or after Christmas), January.

Sol Monath (from the returning sun), February.

Rethe Monath (rugged month), March.

Easter Monath (from a Saxon goddess, whose name we still preserve), April.

Trimilchi (from cows being milked thrice a day), May.

Sere Monath (dry month), June.

Mœd Monath (the meads being then in bloom), July.

Weod Monath (from the luxuriance of weeds), August.

Hoefest Monath (harvest month), September.

Winter Fyllish (from winter approaching with the full moon of that month), October.

Blot Monath (from the blood of cattle slain

that month, and stored for winter provision), November.

To resume: The first of October is a favourite day with the lover of field sports, for it is the commencement of pheasant shooting. A few remarks, then, upon the "gaudy pheasant," "the nut-brown partridge," and the sagacious setter, may here not be out of place.

According to the best authorities, we find that pheasants were brought into Europe by the Argonauts, 1250 years before the Christian era, and are at present found in a state of nature in nearly the whole of the old Continent. It is strange to think that this bird, which in our own country affords sport to hundreds and hundreds, was brought from the banks of the Phasis, a river in Colchis in Asia Minor, and artificially propagated with us, and in other parts of the globe. History assigns to Jason the honour of having brought this brilliant plumed bird, on his celebrated expedition, from the banks of that river, from which, under different modifications, it has

Colchis, from which the specific name is derived, is the Mingrelia of the present day, and visitors to that country say that it is still to be found there in a state of wildness, and unequalled beauty. According to Echard, we learn that in the year 1299, the 27th of the reign of Edward the First, the price of a pheasant was four-pence, that of a mallard three-half-pence, of a plover one penny, and of a couple of woodcocks three-half-pence. Since that period the value has greatly increased, pheasants realizing at the present time eight and nine shillings a brace, and woodcocks seven.

Woods that are thick at the bottom, with privet, long grass kept up by bushes and brambles, close copses and plantations, or marshy grounds over-grown with rushes, reeds, or osiers, are the favourite haunts of pheasants, in the absence of which they take to hedgerows. The females begin to lay their eggs, generally from ten to fourteen, in April, and hatch them by the end of May or the beginning of June. They make but little nest upon the ground, in which, however, it

moist and thick clover bottoms, where the eggs are exposed to the double danger of being mowed out, or stolen by some poaching tiller of the soil. An active and intelligent game-keeper will hunt such grounds at the commencement of the laying season, so as to disturb the birds, and induce them to go to nest in places where they are not so likely to be interfered with. To keep up a large stock of pheasants, several are kept all the year in pens, where many eggs are laid; but as the females under confinement will seldom sit steadily, these eggs, with others found by the mowers, and honestly brought home, are hatched and reared by common hens of small size. The young birds require to be fed with ants' eggs, or grits, until they are able to take stronger food, or are old enough to go to stubble, and provide for themselves.

In a wild state these birds feed upon seeds, grain, green leaves, and insects; occasionally they will pick blackberries, haws, and sloes, while, towards the end of autumn, they will seek acorns. Throughout the winter months, in order to prevent them from straying away in search of food, pheasants should be constantly supplied with bar-

ley and beans; and, as a further inducement to put an end to their "roaming," it is advisable to sow, in summer, buckwheat, peas, and beans mixed together, leaving the whole crop standing on the ground. The strong stalks of the beans supporting the other two, form for a considerable time both food and cover for the pheasants.

During summer, until the old birds have completed their seasonal moult, pheasants do not roost constantly in trees; but afterwards they may be heard, about dusk, to go up to their roost by the flutter of their wings, and the peculiar notes of the male, whose short chuckling crow contrasts with the shrill piping whistle of the female. On getting their feet on the branches, both generally roost upon the smaller trees, and near to the stem. Unless disturbed, pheasants seldom use their wings, except at night and morning. The facility and speed with which they can get over the ground by running is truly wonderful, and it furnishes them with a ready mode of progression.

Pheasants do not pair, and, except during the spring, the males and females do not even associate. When the campaign against the pheasants

commences, the males congregate together, and, as if by instinct, are much more wary than the hens; and while the former, on hearing a dog give tongue, will foot away from the wood to the nearest cover—particularly if the wood be open at the bottom—and will then run through hedge-row or dry ditch for half-a-mile to the next cover, the female, trusting to her brown, earth-like colour to escape detection, will hide herself in long grass, and be probably walked up to, fired at, and missed by the young sportsman, who, at the unexpected and startling noise, fails to take a deliberate aim. The ordinary weight of a pheasant is about two pounds and a-half; but, when not disturbed, and well fed with potatoes, buckwheat, and barley, they often increase two pounds.

The care and expense bestowed upon breeding and preserving pheasants have, within the last few years, so increased the number, that the amount which annually fall to the unerring aim of the experienced sportsman is infinitely greater than it used to be at the commencement of the century. In former days a bag of eight or ten brace of pheasants was considered a great success; now, a

first-rate gunner will kill fifty brace between morning and afternoon. We own ourselves that the wholesale slaughter of game which takes place at a modern battue is not so satisfactory, to our minds, as an old-fashioned day of yore, when, with two or three friends, some well-broke spaniels, and a clever retriever, the sportsman walked up his game, instead of having it driven tamely into a corner, to blaze away at with as many guns as the loader can hand to his employer.

Perhaps an intermediate step between the slowness of our flint-and-steel ancestorial system, and the modern fastness of the breech-loading, detonating battue, might be attended with advantage, and, by limiting the number of guns and beaters, sparing the hens, and not firing indiscriminately into the mass of frightened birds, thus wounding many which die in some neighbouring covert, more true sport might be enjoyed.

From pheasants we turn to partridges. Partridges pair in February, but seldom begin to lay eggs until the end of April or the beginning of May. A slight cavity in the ground, with a few dead leaves or dried grass, serves for a nest, which nests are to be found in fields of clover, standing

corn, or among brushwood and long grass. The eggs produced by one female are from twelve to twenty, though in some instances many more have been found in a nest. This is to be accounted for, not through the prolificness of the partridge, but by the fact that two birds had laid in one nest.

The attachment of partridges to their eggs and young is proverbial. Montague quotes an instance in which a partridge on the point of hatching was taken, together with her eggs, and carried in a hat to some distance. Nothing daunted, she continued to sit, and brought forth her young. Another equally talented authority, Mr. Jesse, mentions two cases, which are too interesting to remain unnoticed :—

"A farmer discovered a partridge sitting on its eggs in a grass field. The bird allowed him to pass his hand frequently down its back without moving, or showing any fear; but if he offered to touch the eggs, the poor bird immediately pecked his hand."

The other instance is of a gentleman living near Spilsby, in Lincolnshire, who was one day riding over his farm, and superintending his

ploughmen, occupied in ploughing a piece of fallow land. During this operation, he saw a partridge glide off her nest so near the foot of one of his plough horses, that he thought the eggs must be crushed. This, however, was not the case; but he found that the old bird was on the point of hatching, as several of the eggs were beginning to chip. He saw the old bird return to her nest the instant he left the spot. It was evident that the next round of the plough must bury the eggs and nest in the furrow. His surprise was great when, returning with the plough, he came to the spot, and saw the nest indeed, but the eggs and bird were gone. An idea struck him that she had removed her eggs; and he found her, before he left the field, sitting under the hedge upon twenty-one eggs, and she brought off nineteen birds. The round of ploughing had occupied about twenty minutes, in which time she, probably assisted by the male bird, had removed the twenty-one eggs to a distance of about forty yards.

Incubation with the partridge lasts three weeks, and the great hatching time in the southern districts of England is from the 20th of June until

the end of that month. The carrion crow and the kite, who are mortal enemies to all young game, often attack unfledged partridges, and instances are recorded in which the parent birds have successfully preserved their brood. During the day coveys generally keep together, and are seldom seen on the wing except when disturbed. They frequent grass fields or dry spots where the soil is loose. In the afternoon they repair to some neighbouring field of standing corn, or, when that is cut, to the stubble, for their second daily meal of grain; and, this over, the call-note may be heard, and the whole move away to some spot where they nestle for the night. Early in the morning they again visit the stubble for their matin meal, resorting to turnip or clover fields during the day. Dry summers are particularly favourable to the breeding of partridges. They vary much in size, according to the situation and different qualities of food. Where an abundance of nutritive grain prevails, the birds are much superior in weight to those that are to be found in the precincts of heathy ground or moors. In point of flavour, however, the latter do not evince a similar inferiority.

Coke of Norfolk (as he was called), afterwards first Earl of Leicester, on the 7th of October, 1797, upon his manor at Warham, and within the circumference of a mile, bagged forty brace of partridges in eight hours and ninety-three shots, every bird being killed singly. The day before, on the same ground, he killed twenty-two brace and a-half in three hours.

In 1823 a match was made between Lord Kennedy and Mr. William Coke for two hundred sovereigns aside, play or pay, as to who bagged the greatest number of birds in two days, both parties to shoot on the 26th of September and 4th of October, Lord Kennedy to have any part of Scotland as his field of action, while Mr. Coke was confined to his uncle's manors in Norfolk. Lord Kennedy selected Montrieth, a manor belonging to Sir William Maxwell, considered equal to any lands in Scotland for the breed of partridges. On the first day his lordship bagged fifty brace, and on the second, eighty-two brace —total, one hundred and thirty-two brace. The result of Mr. Coke's first day's shooting was eighty brace and a-half; on the second he commenced operations soon after six o'clock in the

morning, accompanied by his uncle, T. W. Coke, Esq., M.P.; two umpires—Colonel Dixon for Mr. Coke, and F. S. Blunt, Esq., for Lord Kennedy; also by two of his friends, the late Sir. H. Goodricke, Bart., and the present Sir Francis Holyoake. He was attended by several gamekeepers and many respectable neighbouring yeomen, who volunteered their services in assisting to beat for game. One dog alone accompanied the Norfolk sportsman. The morning was very foggy, and the turnips were so wet that the birds would not lie among them. The result was, that in the first two hours only six brace of birds were bagged. About eight o'clock the day cleared up, and then Mr. Coke amply made up for his lost time; for, at six o'clock, when he gave up shooting, he had bagged eighty-seven and a-half brace of birds, thus winning the match by thirty-six brace. He had much fewer shots on the second than on the first day; but he shot much better—bagging on the latter one hundred and eighty head in three hundred and twenty-seven shots. His uncle, T. W. Coke—than whom a finer sportsman or more disinterested patriot never existed—loaded the guns throughout a great part of Saturday, and

shot at and killed the last bird, or, as it is more usually, but not so refinedly, called, "wiped his nephew's nose." Had telegraphs been then in existence, an additional amount of interest would have been felt, and large wagers would have probably been made by the friends of the respective competitors through them.

Our space enables us to give but a brief description of the pointer and setter, or to enter into the often-disputed question, as to which is best for the gunner. The Spanish pointer, as its name implies, is of foreign origin, but is now naturalized in this country. Great attention has been paid to preserve the breed in its utmost purity. This dog is remarkable for its facility in receiving instruction, and it may be said to be almost self-taught, while the English pointer requires the greatest attention in breaking and training for the sport. It is, however, more hardy, and is able to go through a severe day's work better than the Spanish one.

We now turn to the English setter, which is a hardy, active, handsome dog: its scent is perfect, and it ranges with great speed and unwearied perseverance. Its sagacity in discovering the va-

rious kinds of game, and its caution in approaching them, are truly wonderful. How well the poet of the chase, Somerville, has described the setter "ranging in the new-shorn fields:"—

"His nose in air erect, from ridge to ridge
Panting he bounds, his quarter'd ground divides
In equal intervals, nor careless leaves
One inch untried. At length the tainted gales
His nostrils wide inhale; quick joy elates
His beating heart, which, aw'd by discipline
Severe, he dares not own, but cautious creeps,
Low-cow'ring, step by step; at last attains
His proper distance; there he stops at once,
And points with his instructive nose upon
The trembling prey."

Fortunate, then, is the man who has covers of his own, or those of a friend, to beat; for there are few more exhilarating amusements than to sally forth on a bright autumnal morning, with a trusty companion or two, a first-rate retriever, a team of well-broke spaniels, and a gamekeeper who understands his work thoroughly. As good sport depends almost entirely upon good dogs (for we write not of the tame battue), the first object of the "gunner" should be to procure them. Those who have not the convenient premises,

and who object to the expense and risk of breeding and breaking their own, we should strongly advise to place themselves in communication with some respectable gamekeeper, who, if the price offered is liberal, will probably be enabled to purchase first-rate animals. In the long run it will be found the cheapest plan; for low-priced spaniels, setters, pointers, and retrievers, who are up to their respective work, are not to be had. How men who pass muster with the world as possessing sufficient brains to enable them to go through the ordinary routine of life, can be found so deficient of common sense as to be taken in by the gangs of unprincipled dealers who advertise in the London newspapers their canine treasures, is a matter of astonishment to us; and yet no season passes without these sharpers finding a considerable quantity of flats. The plan adopted is to insert a flaming account in *Bell's Life*," to the following effect:—

TO SPORTSMEN.—A brace of splendid red setters, dogs three years old, an admirable match, have been shot over two seasons, are to be sold, in consequence of the owner having been ordered to join his regiment in India. The dogs are of the best Irish and English blood, extremely handsome, and now on view. Apply to A. W., —— Mews, —— Square.

POINTERS FOR SALE.—Four brace of thoroughly broke dogs, very handsome, shot to one season. Lowest price, £18 per brace.

FOR SALE.—Six brace of Sussex Spaniels, excellent noses. The nobleman who bred them may be referred to. Apply, &c.

FOR SALE.—A Retriever from St. John's, Newfoundland, remarkably handsome, good in every point, and the most perfect water-dog ever seen. Price, 10 guineas.

An empty stable or a coach-house having been engaged, the respectable owner—who has as many aliases attached to his name as there are days to the week—is seldom to be found at his post until the shades of evening have set in, a deputy who has interest in the canine stock doing duty during the day. If any fashionable "fledgling" about town, any deluded "cockney," any unsophisticated country gentleman, any unwary individual, attracted by the advertisement, calls to look at the sporting dogs, he is informed that "Lord A. has nearly decided upon purchasing the setters, Sir B. the pointers, Squire C. the spaniels, and Count Z. (with an unpronounceable name) the retriever; but that, if he will be good enough to call later, he will be able to see his master, who will furnish him with every information."

A second visit generally brings matters to a conclusion. Letters (forged ones, of course) are shown from high-titled patricians, country gentlemen, and keepers, who all speak in raptures of the merits of the respective animals; a warranty is given, with an agreement to take back the dogs at a trifling loss should they not suit. The money is paid, instructions are given to send the new purchase per rail to the shooting quarters, and the victims bore their friends and acquaintances with details of their extraordinary good fortune in picking up a brace or two of wonders. Scarcely has a week elapsed before they have another and a most dismal tale to tell. The pointers, or, as the wags would say, *disap*pointers,* Beppo, Juan, Don, and Rock, turn out to possess bad tempers, legs, and feet, without a particle of staunchness, and with noses that would fail even to scent the Thames on a July day, opposite Hungerford Market. The setters, from their heaviness of manner, loss of appetite, want of

* This reminds one of a witticism of a popular writer, who on being told by a friend that he did not like the name of "The Factory Girl," which he had given to a new play, replied, "Then call it the *unsatis*factory girl."

energy, weakness of the eyes, huskiness of the throat, and discharge from the nose, show unmistakable symptoms of virulent distemper; and poor Potsheen and Ranger are placed under the care of the nearest canine practitioner, who, after sundry strong doses of gum, gamboge, and white hellebore powder, pronounces the disease incurable. The six brace of Sussex spaniels—Madrigal, Beauty, Sappho, Theban, Helicon, Iris, Southdown, Clio, Dynasty, Empress, Ploughboy, and Reveller—prove to be perfectly unmanageable, and wilder than hawks, lame and footsore; while the Transatlantic retriever, Diver, who looks like a cross between a half-bred sheep-dog and a "turnspit," has irretrievably lost the character given to him when sold, having a mouth like a vice, and a thorough hydrophobic dread of water. The above is not an exaggerated description. We know a gentleman who last season purchased a pointer for twelve guineas, warranted perfect. The moment he fired his first barrel at a stoat, and long before he had time to test the powers of his

been wished." Upon returning the dog, which he did by the next day's train, and requesting the money might be returned, he found the truth of Falstaff's saying—"I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour"—for both money and dog were kept. Determined not to allow so flagrant a case to go unpunished, a summons was taken out at the Marylebone county court, when the defendant was represented by an attorney. My friend was subjected to a bullying, badgering cross-examination; but the case was so strong, that a verdict for the plaintiff, with costs, was awarded. The result may easily be guessed. The canine "dodger" having changed his residence and adopted a new name, was reported *non est inventus* by the officer who had to execute the warrant. At the expiration of a year and a day, the defaulter showed himself again in London, the legal document being no longer in force; and by this time has probably victimized no end of old as well as young sportsmen, for the gentleman we have alluded to has for more than half a century been devoted to field sports. Mr. Bishop,

who are devoted to the canine race, in his successful endeavours to put an end to dog-stealing; and if he would take in hand the gang of swindlers who live by plundering the public through such mendacious advertisements as those we have alluded to, his claims to the approbation of his countrymen would be considerably increased. And who is there, we would ask, in the United Kingdom that does not love a dog? Volumes might be filled with anecdotes of his faithful devotion to man. Byron has immortalized Boatswain; and Sir Walter Scott—whose transcendent genius, matchless insight into character, imagination, and fancy, reign indisputably wherever books are read—thus writes of the integrity of the dog: "The Almighty, who gave the dog to be the companion of our pleasures and our toils, hath invested him with a nature noble and incapable of deceit. He forgets neither friend nor foe; remembers, and with accuracy, both benefit and injury. He hath a share of man's intelligence, but no share of man's falsehood. You may bribe a soldier to slay a man with his sword, or a witness to take life by false accusation, but you cannot make a hound tear his

benefactor." The late Earl Fitzhardinge seems to have adopted the above view of canine intelligence, as may be gleaned from some lines (we believe from his pen), which are to be found in the garden of Berkeley Castle, over the grave of a favourite animal—

"LOUIS, died Dec. 17, 1854.
'No cold philosophy, no cynic's sneer,
Checks the unbidden and the honest tear.
What little difference, and how short a span,
Betwixt thy instinct and the mind of man!'"

Near the above may be seen another stone—

"Poor JERRY, born May, 1827; died Dec. 6, 1842.
'My grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death.'"

There is something peculiarly touching in the last tribute to a faithful and long-attached animal, and which proves that the late owner of the princely domains of Berkeley had his heart in the right place. Indeed, no one was ever fonder of dumb brutes than his lordship, or resented more strongly any cruelty shown to them. If in the days of "first turn-out—four horses," when he was travelling, the post-boy happened to strike some unfortunate animal upon the head, Lord

Fitzhardinge would order the carriage to be stopped, and then, in unmistakable language, tell the offender that he would not only be mulcted of his usual liberal gratuity, but that, if it happened again, he should insist upon his never driving him again.

We have digressed; return we to the sports of October, when partridge and pheasant-shooting can be had to perfection, when cub-hunting has commenced, and when coursing meetings are daily taking place; for during this month the lovers of the leash hold some first-rate gatherings.

Before we conclude our remarks upon pheasant shooting, we must call our readers' attention to a curious fact that has lately come under our observation, and which proves that the present system of the battue in England, and the *chasse* in France and Germany, can be traced to the days of the ancient Egyptians. In a very able work, by Sir J. Gardener Wilkinson, F.R.S., &c., entitled, "The Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians," we have a most interesting account of their agricultural proceedings, and their prowess in the chase. In a country, whose

principal riches consisted in the fruitfulness of its soil, it is natural to suppose that the cultivation of the land would be the principal care of the inhabitants, and that as a necessary consequence, where tillage was carried to perfection, wild hunting would degenerate. Notwithstanding this, the Egyptians have proved themselves skilful huntsmen and expert fishermen. According to Plato, the priests, artificers, shepherds, huntsmen, husbandmen, and soldiers formed six bodies of the second caste of the nation, each peculiar occupation being confined to a certain subdivision. But let the talented historiographer speak for himself:

"The ancient Egyptians delighted in the sports of the field; not that we are to suppose that the chase was confined to those who gained their livelihood by it, or that the wealthy classes were averse to an amusement so generally welcomed in all countries. Indeed, some of the battues in the extensive tracts of the wide desert, which stretch to the east and west of the valley of the Nile, remind one of those of the present day; for we find that when the chasseur was a person of consequence, numerous attendants accompanied him, not merely in the capacity of beaters, to rouse

and turn the game, or to carry it when killed, but for various purposes connected with his immediate wants or comforts while in the field. Some brought with them a fresh supply of arrows, a spare bow, or other requisites for remedying accidents; and some carried a stock of provisions for his use. Sometimes a space of ground of considerable extent was enclosed with nets, into which the animals were driven by beaters; and these spots were usually in the vicinity of the waterbrooks, to which the antelopes, gazelles, and other game were in the habit of repairing in the morning and evening; and having awaited the time when they went to drink, and ascertained it by their recent tracks on the accustomed path, the hunters disposed the nets, occupied proper positions for observing them unseen, and gradually closed in upon them.

In reading the above account, we are reminded of a royal battue, in which we took part, in the neighbourhood of Vienna; and if for bows and arrows we inserted guns and spears, the picture would be a most faithful representation of the pastime enjoyed by the late Emperor and Empress of Austria and a courtly party.

A slight description of the Izaak Walton propensities of the Egyptians may not be uninteresting; and it is curious to find that, with the exception of "throwing a fly," the same principle was practised in the days of Menes, Osistasen, Amenoph, Rameses, or other rulers, as is carried on at the present; for angling with ground-bait, spearing, and leaded drag-nets were universally adopted; moreover, the same process of salting and drying fish was pursued. Not contented with the abundance afforded by the Nile, the Eastern grandees constructed within their grounds "spacious sluices or ponds of fish," like the *vivaria* of the Romans, where they fed and preserved them. With a *bident*—a spear with two barbed points, which was either thrust at the fish as they passed by, or, when furnished with feathers at the upper extremity like an arrow, was darted to a short distance, a long line fastened to it preventing its being lost—a short rod, and bronze hook, many an Egyptian fisherman of high degree enjoyed a day in his boat made of the papyrus plant, with as much gusto as a cockney sportsman delights in being seated on a chair in a punt, moored fore and aft, off Richmond Bridge, dipping

and pulling up roach and dace, which, when caught, are only fit for the feline race.

When we consider that the Egyptians indulged in battues, as has already been referred to, coursing, throwing the lasso, hunting with lions trained to the chase; following with spears, or bows and arrows, wild oxen, goats, sheep, hyænas, foxes, leopards, wolves, antelopes, and gazelles; attacking with iron javelins the hippopotamus, chasing the ostrich, decoying wild fowl on lakes formed by the waters of the overflowing Nile; trapping and throwing sticks at partridges, quail, and bustards, with all the precision and dexterity of our modern "shyers" at Aunt Sally's blackened visage and pipe-decorated mouth, and catching crocodiles—we cannot help looking upon this ancient nation as a sporting one, or feeling a wish to have a week in the Desert, and one on the Nile. The amusement of ensnaring crocodiles, according to Herodotus, was thus carried on:—

"They had many different modes of catching

standing near the water's edge, they beat a young pig, and the crocodile, being enticed to the spot by its cries, finds the bait on its way, and, swallowing it, is caught by the hook. They then pull it ashore; and the first step is to cover its eyes with mud, and thus, being deprived of sight, it is unable to offer any effectual resistance."

Return we to October. To the sportsman this month has peculiar charms, as pheasant-shooting commences, and the huntsman, who has hitherto only enjoyed cub-hunting, knows that on the first of November his eyes will be gladdened by seeing the meets of the respective fox-hounds advertised in the newspaper.

Although the cultivator of the soil can never be thoroughly idle at this period of the year, the labours of the farmer are, to a certain degree, ended; for "harvest home" has been celebrated, and the well-filled stacks and barns, while they gladden the heart of the tiller of the land, equally delight the sportsman, as he finds the fields no longer yellow with waving corn, but ready for himself

too, furnish excellent harbours for these birds, while in the hedgerows a pheasant or two may be had, by those who shoot as sportsmen ought to shoot, and make good every inch of their beat.

To the lover of the trigger, the first of October is a most important day; for what can exceed the pleasure of a day with the long-tails on a bright, crisp morning in this generally fine month? The early breakfast—the drive to the place of meeting—the appearance of the keepers as they gather, clad in Lincoln-green, and of the rustics (who are to act as beaters) in their homely smock-frocks—the cheery look of the well-trained mute spaniels—and the assurance of the head-keeper that, although the partridges failed, the season has been good for pheasants—all tend to exhilarate the spirits, and produce an ecstatic joy known only to those who are devoted to field amusements.

Among the "wild vicissitudes of taste," few things have undergone greater change than sport, in all its bearings; and if we compare the hunting, racing, shooting, yachting, boating, cricket, and archery of the present day with what

they were some forty years ago, they are as different as the country gentleman of Victoria's reign is to the Squire Beagle of Fielding's time. With the wonderful and rapid march of intellect, which has produced results that none of our ancestors ever dreamt of, it is not surprising that a great advance should have been made in the sports of the field, and the introduction of breech-loading and detonating guns in lieu of the old-fashioned flint-and-steel fowling-piece, is not more extraordinary than that the dim oily rays that once gave a sort of "darkness visible" appearance to the metropolis, should have been succeeded by jets of brilliant gas; that the road should have given way to the rail; that horse-flesh should have been superseded by steam-power; that sailing-packets which occupied four or five weeks in crossing the Atlantic should have yielded to the Great Eastern and other steamers, which have performed the passage in less than a third of the time; that telegraphs should have been brought to such a state of perfection that messages can be transmitted throughout England in as short a space of time as it took to post a letter in the old twopenny post-offices, and that

"a sigh may be wafted from Indus to the Pole" in about the same period; that the Enfield rifle should have beaten "brown Bess" by a long chalk; and that the four-and-twenty pounder should no longer dare to range itself alongside of the Armstrong monster ordnance.

To illustrate our case. In former days the followers of Nimrod rose at day-break, found and killed their fox after a slow run of five-and-forty minutes, and returned home for a one or two o'clock dinner. At the present time, the meet is not until eleven, and the rising generation are not satisfied unless they have a thirty minutes' burst free from check at a racing pace, dining at the hour their grandfathers usually supped at. In racing the change has been equally striking; for thousands of pounds are now contended for, where hundreds were thought large sums. In shooting, the *Treibjagd*, or battue, of the Germans has taken precedence of the old form, and, instead of walking up to your game, it is driven to you. Yachting, too, which was confined to one or two vessels on the ocean, and some dozen half-deckers of from five to ten tons on the river Thames, has now been brought to the highest state of per-

fection—as may be proved by attending the Cowes, Ryde, Southampton, Poole, Plymouth, Cork, Dublin, and other regattas, where for symmetry, strength, and beauty, the pleasure wooden-walls and iron-ribbed vessels of the respective clubs cannot be equalled by any nation under the sun. Boating has also made considerable progress; and the crew of an eight-oared cutter of 1820 would have as much chance with an Oxford, Cambridge, Westminster, or Eton crew of the present day, as General Tom Thumb would have in a stand-up fight with the gallant Heenan, or a butcher's-boy of fourteen with the "bravest of the brave," Tom Sayers. With respect to cricket, the change has been still greater; and the slow bowling that characterized the game of our ancestors, has been superseded by the slashing bowling, the hard hitting, wonderful fielding, and daring wicket-keeping of the new system. And, lastly, the toxopholite meetings of 1861 show such an increase of archers, both male and female, that there can be no doubt this ancient pastime is even more popular than ever.

In a former chapter we have referred to "Harvest Home;" and it may not be here out of place

to offer a few remarks upon that "time-honoured" gathering which our ancestors delighted to encourage, and which was as much looked forward to as May-day games or New Year's revels. The generality of mankind, in every age and nation of the world, have ever had, and will continue to have, a strong attachment to ancient customs. This bias towards whatever has been customary is so powerfully prevalent in the minds of the people, that it may almost be said to become second nature; and, among the innovations that have lately been introduced, none has caused more bitter complaint than the disuse of "Harvest Home."

Without question, many plausible arguments may be started for the abolition of the rural gathering, described by the poet—

"Our annual feast, when earth her plenty yields;
When, crowned with boughs, the last load quits the field."

It may be affirmed that labouring men, for a day or two after these rejoicings, are in some degree unfit for their daily task, and that they

season of merriment, quarrels sometimes ensue, that men fight and injure each other, and that the result is occasionally attended with fatal consequences. Admitting that there is some reason in the above arguments, we think they are more than counterbalanced by the benefits that accrue from these rural meetings. The season of mirth and festivity is highly conducive to friendship, goodwill, and a proper understanding between employers, servants, and labourers. Animosities and old grudges are frequently removed, and all classes become sociably and charitably disposed towards one another; their hearts are opened; their ideas are expanded; they speak freely their private sentiments, by which candour and freedom men come to the knowledge of facts, and the real state of things that were before obscure and uncertain. They often acknowledge their misconceptions and errors, long-conceived enmities and lurking grudges, which are then entirely done away. How well has the Latin poet described the delights of Harvest Home:—

"Agricolæ prisci, fortes, parvoque beati,
Condita post frumenta levantes tempore festo

Cum sociis operum, pueris, et conjuge fidâ,
Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,
Floribus et vino Genium, memorem brevis ævi."

Which, for the benefit of some of our fair readers, we translate :—

"The old husbandmen, strong and happy with little, after the corn was got in, regaling the body with a festive season, and the mind itself (patient of hardships in the hope of their termination) with the partners of their toil, their lads, and faithful wife, worshipped Tellus with a pig, Sylvanus with milk, and the Genius (who reminds *us* that life is short) with flowers and wine."

To return to the sports of the last year, which, despite the hurricanes and tempestuous storms that prevailed throughout the spring and summer, were kept up with the greatest spirit. Commence we with the finest of manly games —cricket.

The season of 1861 will be remembered by all cricketers as one of the most prosperous ones ever known. The matches were numerous and well-

pally confined to a few agricultural counties—Kent and Sussex carrying off the bell, or, strictly speaking, ball. Now it has extended to the dark and murky regions of Manchester, Barnsley, Rochdale, Bradford, Newcastle, Stockton-on-Tees, Whitehaven, and Sheffield. It has been carried on with the greatest success at the seats of learning—Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Eton, Westminster, Rugby, Harrow, Winchester, Cheltenham, and Charter House. At Westminster we find a curious match recorded, viz., between the First Eleven (with broomsticks) (would not the Westminster Witches be a good name for them?) and the Second Eleven, which was won by the former in all but one innings—they having to get one run in their second, which they did with no wicket down.

In the Army the spirit for this "ball practice" has greatly increased, and there is scarcely a battalion in the United Kingdom which has not had its "field"-day. The wandering tribes represented by I Zingari, whose amateur performances in the evening are equal to their prowess in the

never without "Spectators;" the Toxopholites, who are as expert at the wicket as they are at the Bull's-eye, and who *quiver* not before their opponents; the Free Foresters, who, like Robin Hood and his merry men of old, bear off the palm for skill, pluck, and determination; the Suffolk Borderers, who can boast of six reverend gentlemen among their eleven, proving that they have not forgotten the games of their early school and college days; the Harlequins, who are as agile with their limbs and powerful with their *bats* as ever; the Knickerbockers, with their quaint and appropriate costume; the Anomalies, whose deeds are not in accordance with their name; the Amicables, a friendly band of brothers; the Quidnuncs, whose knowledge is far from superficial; the Tourists, who travel out of their way to handle the bat, as the hardy Swiss grasps the Alpenstock; the House of Peers, who prefer an innings at Lord's to a sitting of the House; the Commons, who would rather hear of a "man out" to a "count out;" the Lawyers, who doff their wigs and gowns for flannel suits and India-rubber gloves; the Surgeons, who quit St. Bar-

Oval—one and all of the above clubs, societies, and professions take the greatest gratification in the cricket-field. Nor is this feeling confined only to the United Kingdom; for, in China, Canada, America, and India, the hardy sons of Britain still hold their supremacy in this mimic encounter, as they have ever done in more sanguinary contests, when balls of a larger calibre have been the weapons employed.

The yachting season of 1861 was extremely good. A larger number of vessels were commissioned during that year than in any previous one. The regattas were well attended, and the sailing matches ably contested. In a sea-girt isle this amusement may be looked at in a national point of view, for the more seamen are employed, whether in the Queen's, merchant, or pleasure vessels, the more distant is the prospect of invasion. There can be no doubt that our best defence is the navy, for, with a large fleet of gunboats, frigates, and line-of-battle ships, our shores would be protected against any enemy. The

majority are fine healthy young fellows, full of courage, determination, and inured to hardship during the winter months as pilots and North Sea fishermen. They are, moreover, very efficient sailors, and, although the introduction of steam has made a wonderful change in maritime affairs, there must occasionally, in the event of a naval war, be situations in which good seamanship, such as is fully known to our countrymen, would be required. We expressed a hope, some few years ago, that our gracious Queen and the late Prince Consort, who was ever ready to encourage national enterprise, would review the yacht fleet of the United Kingdom. It would be a sight peculiar to this country; and, while such a distinguished honour would gratify the feelings of every one on board, from the owner down to the cabin-boy, it would also prove to the world that thousands of brave men would be ready, should occasion require it, to evince their loyalty and patriotism by shedding the last drop of their heart's blood in defence of their Queen and Fatherland.

Although we are not among those who partake in the panic respecting an invasion, there can be no doubt that (to adopt an old and trite saying)

the best way to ensure peace is to be prepared for war. We therefore again urge all yacht owners to practise their men occasionally in the use of fire-arms. A few breech-loading carbines and Enfield rifles could be obtained at no very great cost; and the monotony of a cruise, especially in calm weather, would be removed by blank or ball practice, with the additional satisfaction of knowing that the men in your employ were undergoing a training which, in course of time, would make them valuable acquisitions to the volunteer force of England.

While upon the subject of yachting, we cannot refrain from alluding to the Royal Thames Club, which has lately removed from St. James's to Albemarle Street. Nothing can exceed the comfort of the new house: the drawing-rooms are large, light, and airy; the dining-room is lofty and well-proportioned; the billiard-rooms are all that can be required; the smoking-room is snug, comfortable, and well-ventilated, so that those who do not indulge in a mild Havannah may enjoy the conversation of their friends; and there is a very spacious room, in which a party of eight or ten may have an excellent dinner, with all the

privacy of their own houses. The cooking is extremely good, the wine admirable, the attendance perfect, and the charges reasonable. No wonder, then, that the list of candidates is very great; for the entrance fee of eight guineas, compared with that of other clubs, is small, and the annual subscription is only three guineas. The members are limited to eight hundred, except in the case of candidates owning a yacht of, or exceeding, the lowest tonnage classed in the club matches, whose election may be proceeded with, notwithstanding the above limitation. To prove to what a state of eminence this club has attained, it will only be necessary to say that it now consists of seven hundred and sixty-three members, two hundred and fourteen of whom possess yachts. The tonnage amounts to rather more than ten thousand tons. Of these there are fifteen vessels between a hundred and a hundred and fifty tons, five between a hundred and fifty and two hundred, five between two hundred and two hundred and fifty, two between two hundred and fifty and three hundred, and one of three hundred and thirty-seven tons. The cost of the above vessels, averaging each at five-and-twenty pounds a ton,

would amount to two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. The crew, allowing one man for every ten tons, would be one thousand, in addition to masters, stewards, cooks, and boys. The wages alone of the sailors for a four months' cruise would amount to twenty thousand pounds. The salaries to masters, who are usually engaged by the year, averaging fifty pounds each for large and small vessels, would make ten thousand more; and for a four months' cruise the stewards and cooks, allowing a steward only for vessels between fifty and a hundred tons, and a steward and a cook above that tonnage, would amount to nearly eighteen hundred pounds — making the sum total of the whole — we do not pledge ourselves to a few pounds — thirty-one thousand eight hundred pounds for wages only, independent of the money expended upon riggers, caulkers, sail-makers, boat-builders, ship-builders, flag-makers, opticians, outfitters, ironmongers, and other "dealers in marine stores." In small vessels, the cook is usually selected from the crew, and only gets a trifling increase to his pay, so we have not included that class, nor have we calculated the wages of boys. By the above

statistical account, it will be seen what an amazing amount of good is done by the yacht clubs; for we have only on the present occasion alluded to the "Sons of the Thames," called, most irreverently, "The Mudlarks," for few societies can "ditto" them in good fellowship, spirit, nautical knowledge, and fine craft.

While upon the subject of aquatics, we are reminded of Worthing regatta and races; albeit, the former called to mind "Hamlet," with the character of the Prince of Denmark omitted—for it was a regatta without vessels of any description. These races and regattas were advertised to take place on the 13th of August 1860; but, in consequence of the absence of yachts, the latter did not take place, a boat-race and a duck-hunt being substituted for it. Being lovers of sport of every description, from the most nobler fox-hunting, shooting, and cricket, down to the lowest—a donkey race or climbing a greased pole —we made a point of attending the meeting.

As Brighton is called the Queen of the South Coast bathing-places, Worthing may not be mis-

North Foreland and Torquay to be compared with it. As we drove up to the Marine Hotel, the scene that presented itself was novel and highly-exhilarating. The promenade was crowded with loungers; aristocratic dames and damsels with pallid cheeks, the result of a long London season of hot rooms and late hours, were jostled by ruddy, healthy, rustic beauties, bathing-women, fortune-tellers, and servant girls; a line of flies extended along the road parallel to the race-course, which was to be formed upon the sands the moment the tide receded sufficiently to allow the operations to be carried on. A troop of acrobats, who, from their movements, had evidently been (in cooking phraseology) "boned"—a party of musicians, called "The Town Band"—sundry negro minstrels, harpists, pianists, organ-grinders, occupied the attention of the humbler classes, delighting their eyes with the wildest antics and most dangerous pole exploits, and enchanting their ears with a concord of sweet sounds, the most popular of which were "Ben Bolt," Balfe's "Power of Love," "Hokey-Pokey," "Nelly

"Mary Blane," "Partant pour la Syrie," "Yankee Doodle," "The Girl I left behind me," and "Where are you going to, my Pretty Maid?"

As no sight in England is worth attending, unless eating and drinking are going on, there were purveyors of every sort of edible and buvable; and among the numerous varieties may be mentioned, shrimps, lobsters, Bath buns, gingerbread-nuts, cockles, lollypops, crabs, brandy-balls, potatoes "all hot! all hot!" sandwiches, saveloys, almonds, cocoa-nuts, West India pine-apples, pears, gooseberries, bread and cheese, oysters, periwinkles, home-brewed ale, ginger beer, lemonade, and bottled stout.

Fortunately for the rural sight-seers, Howes and Cushing's celebrated equestrian establishment made a triumphant entry into the town about mid-day. The procession was headed by a band of performers in an open carriage, who exerted their lungs most lustily, and produced what the play-bills would call a "startling effect," by their performance of several popular airs of the day on their brazen instruments. Next came the "Genius of the Ring," mounted on the box of a triumphal car, driving eight horses in hand; a

pony carriage with two juvenile prodigies followed; and close behind it appeared the wonderful stupendous elephant—"whose sagacity has been tested by the million"—accompanied by his two keepers; sundry small highly-decorated vehicles, drawn by pie and skew-bald horses, and occupied by the ladies and gentlemen of the circus, preceded the grand feature of the concern—Don Juan, the highly-trained bull, who trots round the ring, leaps through a paper hoop, pretends to die, and is carried off from the arena in a motionless state. This splendid bovine specimen was attended by matadors, equipped in the costume of Spain. No sooner had the admiring populace expressed their approbation at this gaudily apparelled animal, than their delight was increased by the grand entrée of eight ladies, and the same number of cavaliers, mounted on their highly-trained steeds, decked out in gold-embroidered velvet riding habits and tunics, silk scarfs, and plumed hats; a carriage or two, some led Shetland ponies and grooms, wound up the procession.

As the clock struck eleven, the boat-race commenced, and albeit the respective crews did not handle their oars quite so well as the Oxford and

Cambridge men did in their celebrated match, they made up for want of grace by downright long and strong pulling. A duck-hunt followed, which caused great mirth to the landsmen, and ended in the triumph of the aquatic bird. No sooner did the tide begin to ebb, than preparations were made for the races. Empty barrels were rolled down to mark out the course; flag posts were raised; a temporary stand was erected; the town musicians took up their position in a small box—band-box would not be an inappropriate term; and the "high-mettled racers," jockeys, trainers, hastened to that spot "*fulvâ luctantur arenâ*," which we will venture to translate, as, "the sands the arena of sport." Two flights of hurdles had been placed within a short distance of the winning post, and with a punctuality not often carried out at small country meetings, the race of the day commenced: this was followed by others; and if closely contested heats, good riding, and well-bred horses constitute good sport, Worthing may well be proud of its meeting.

The progress that the Turf has made within the last few years has not been confined to England—it has extended to America, France, and

Germany; and the meetings that have been held in the United States, on the plains of our nearest Continental neighbours, and in the German provinces, are of such importance that they may truly be said to rank with many provincial races in our island. We well remember the time when the first English race took place in France. It was in 1815, on the plains of Neuilly, near Paris, during the occupation of that city by the Allied Army. Never can we forget the surprise of the light-hearted Parisians upon witnessing some dozen English thorough-bred horses, mounted by English officers, led to the post, and ridden in a manner that quite surprised their weak minds, and the races with which were as unlike the usual contests on the hard dusty course of the Champ de Mars as the St. Leger was to a donkey race, the late Jem Robinson to a French jockey of five-and-thirty years ago, or the Brighton "Age" to a Calais diligence.

When steeple-chasing was first introduced abroad, no foreigner had a chance against our countrymen. Since that period, however, many excellent riders have sprung up, and the rugged steppes of the Crimea and the green sward of

England have witnessed the triumphs of the sons of France. For a length of time turf meetings were confined to Paris and Chantilly; now they have extended to every town of any importance; and the Boulogne, Dieppe, and Valenciennes races of 1861 have been attended with the very greatest success.

Hunting, too, has made wonderful progress in France. We can look back to the winter of 1814 and 1815, when we enjoyed this so-called sport with the Royal stag-hounds. Anything more tame or unsportsmanlike could not well be imagined. It was a system of galloping up and down large forests, amidst the sounds of horns, the anathemas of the Royal huntsmen, the hallooing of the *piqueurs*, the yells of the hounds as they were ridden over by some forward Nimrod, and the shouts of the assembled population on foot. Often did the late Duke of Wellington take part in this diversion; and, to show our readers what stag-hunting was in France, we will record a grand day with the hounds of Louis Dixhuit.

The *rendezvous*, on the occasion we refer to, was at *La Croix du Grand Veneur*, in the forest

of Fontainebleau. An obelisk at a spot where four roads meet, and which, according to an ancient legend, receives its name from a spectral black huntsman of Der Freyschütz school, who was supposed to haunt this spot, and who appeared to Henry IV. shortly before his assassination. At the hour named, the royal party, consisting of Louis XVIII., the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême, the Count d'Artois, the Duke de Berri, attended by a brilliant staff, drove up, escorted by an advanced guard of Cuirassiers and a body-guard of Lancers. In the first carriage, which was of huge dimensions, with the arms of France emblazoned on the panels, drawn by eight short-tailed brown horses, six-in-hand, and a postilion on the leaders, sat "*Le Préfet d'Angleterre*" (as the newly-restored monarch was contemptuously termed), the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême, and the Count d'Artois.

Then came another carriage-and-eight, containing the Duke de Berri and his aid-de-camp Two empty landaus followed, in case of accident: a very necessary precaution, considering the badness of the roads and the weight the horses had to draw. The gorgeous costume of the eight

tall footmen was worthy a London Lord Mayor's show, and the postilions were not less magnificent in their blue jackets covered with silver lace, their huge cocked hats, and Brobdingnag jackboots. The French Princes', after warmly recognizing the late Duke of Wellington, who was one of the party, mounted their hunters, and prepared themselves *pour la chasse*. The King and the Duchess d'Angoulême, after a brief interview with the Iron Duke, exchanged their lumbering carriage for a light open barouche, and, attended by the ranger and deputy-ranger of the forest, and a party of *gendarmerie*, drew up by the cover's side. The hounds, albeit the piqueur declared they were bred in *La Belle France*, had evidently a cross of our foxhounds. The huntsman turned out in a long blue coat covered with lace, jack-boots, chain spurs, and sported a powdered head, and a gold-laced cocked-hat worthy a London sweep on the First of May. A large French horn was slung over his shoulder, and a huge *couteau de chasse* hung by his side. His horse, quite as fat as a Suffolk punch, was as fine as red velvet housings,

cocked-hats, scarlet jackets, white "unmentionables," silk stockings, and *pumps*, which, according to the oft-quoted authority of Joe Miller, were put on to let the water out. A few *gendarmes*, mounted on long-tailed black horses, were in attendance, to protect the royal Bourbons from the pressure of the plebeian crowd. The hounds were then laid on, and all the field remained breathlessly silent, straining their oral organs to catch the *à droits* and *à gauches*, which were halloed out to intimate the line the deer was taking. At length the Duc de Berri gave a shout that echoed through the forest, and, putting spurs to his horse, started off at a killing pace, followed by some *gendarmes*, who in vain tried to keep up with the royal sportsman.

"Hold hard, give them time!" shouted the Duke, interspersing his injunctions with certain English execrations, which at the London Magisterial price of five shillings an oath, would have mulcted his Highness of a considerable sum. In a second, away went the whole field—deer, hounds, huntsmen, sportsmen, equestrians, and pedestrians —amidst the shouts of the gathered crowd

the front. For some time the "antlered monarch of the wood" kept to his sylvan home; but being hotly pressed, as much by some English Nimrods as the hounds, took to the open country.

"Hold hard!" again shouted the Duc de Berri.

"*Arrêtez, Messieurs!*" cried the piqueur.

"Turn him back to de wood!" ejaculated another, in broken English.

Despite, however, of all these injunctions, and a volley of foreign maledictions, the sons of Britain, headed by the warrior Duke, succeeded in keeping the pack in full cry over a fair hunting country, taking practically as well as figuratively *French* leave of the royal sportsmen. One of the huntsmen went about a hundred yards with us, when he "craned" at a ditch about two feet broad; and when we shouted that there was nothing to stop him, he politely doffed his hat, and said,

"*Adieu! Messieurs, au revoir; je ne saute pas les grandes fosses.*"

Several plains were passed, woods skirted, a small brook crossed, some swampy meadows traversed, when we came to a large lake.

"He's dead beat!" shouted a self-elected hunts-

man, the aid-de-camp above alluded to; and time it was, for the words were scarcely uttered, ere the deer was seen in great distress—the hounds close up to him. From scent to view was most exhilarating.

"Hark forward!" was the cry. In a second the deer gained the water, and plunged into it. Anxious to save the gallant animal who had afforded us so much sport, we whipped off the hounds, and, rushing into the lake, attempted with a "lasso," made of stirrup leathers, to secure "the poor sequestered stag," who looked as deplorable as the one mourned over by the "melancholy Jaques" in the forest of Arden. Before we had succeeded in our attempt, the Duc de Berri, followed by his staff, galloped up, and seizing a rifle took an unerring aim at the hunted animal, who, pierced in the shoulder by this bullet, and receiving another in the brain from the expert hand of a *garde de chasse*, fell dead, much to the delight of his Royal Highness, who was highly complimented on his prowess, both as a rider and a marksman, by those who did or would not see that the Duke had not been with the hounds since the deer took to the open,

and that the fatal shot came from the keeper's gun, and not from that of the French Prince.

Wellington, upon the above occasion, out of compliment to Louis XVIII., appeared in the dress of a chasseur of that day; but, although his Grace did not object to such a transformation as that produced by substituting a green-and-gold embroidered coat, a cocked hat, *couteau de chasse*, and jack-boots, for his usually neat hunting attire, he would not allow his clever English horse to have his plain saddle and bridle exchanged for one covered with velvet and lace, and boasting a crupper and a pair of bolsters that would have done credit to one of Franconi's highly-trained circus animals.

Wellington was devoted to hunting, and, had he been trained earlier in life to it, would have been (as he was in a military point of view) difficult to beat. He possessed an ardent love for the sport, had a quick eye, and no lack of courage. We can see him now "in our mind's eye," mounted on a thorough-bred English hunter, galloping over the plains near Vienna, with the late Lord Londonderry's foxhounds, after a bag fox.

We again have a vision of him in the forests of Fontainebleau, St. Germain, and Compiègne, with the Royal stag-hounds; or over the wild country that surrounded his residence, the Château of Mont St. Martin, near Cambray, with the wild-boar hounds. We see his animated look, his cheery smile, his countenance beaming with joy—as, escaping from diplomatic or military duties, he enjoyed a gallop with the hounds, encouraging, by his own example, officers under his command to participate in this manly exercise, which he knew full well was not only conducive to health, but also rendered them hardy and courageous, like the heroes of antiquity, whose exploits against wild animals were a prelude to their future victories.

During the reign of Napoleon the Third, the same advance that has been made in science, art, mechanism, agriculture, and architecture has been extended to the sports of the field, and few sights have been more interesting and exciting than a day with the Imperial hounds, when the customs of old have been retained, with all the modern system of venerie. The Emperor is a bold horseman, and, being admirably mounted, rides well to

hounds. Many of his staff, and the majority of the young Parisians, follow the example of their ruler, and devote much of their time and fortune to this pursuit.

English curricles, phaetons, tilburies, gigs, and dogcarts may now be seen on the road to the race-course and the hunting-meet; and thoroughbred horses now contend for prizes on the turf, and follow the fleetest of stag-hounds, where formerly half-bred, over-fed animals raced over a dusty course, little better than the ride in Rotten Row, or galloped up and down avenues of the royal forests, showing evident symptoms of their breathing powers being out of order.

Let us new re-cross the Channel, and offer a few remarks upon the names of race-horses.

It is now some few years ago since we called the attention of our readers to turf nomenclature, and pointed out a plan which, while it would afford appropriate names, would render the pedigree of the "high-bred cattle" easier to be understood.

Our suggestion was, that, as far as was consistent with a suitable name, it should commence, if a colt, with the first letter of that of its sire; if

a filly, with that of her dam. Thus, to go back some few years, we had Caravan and Cairo by Camel, Traveller by Tramp, Rioter by Reveller, Pantomime by Pantaloon, Barcarole out of Bravura, Velvet out of Velveteen; and in these days we might have Range or Rifle by Rifleman, Fly-fisher by Fisherman, Alarum by Alarm, Maid of Milan out of Miranda, Retrograde out of Retrospect, Sunrise out of Sunbeam, Aliquant or Aliquot out of Algebra.

We also took occasion to denounce the system of giving race-horses foolish and unpronounceable names—such as "There you go with your eye out," "I'll stop awhile, says Slow," "I'm not aware," "I wish you may get it," "*La fille mal gardée*," "Filho da puta," "*Fille de joie*." And we regret to say that the present system, not so offensive, we admit, as far as morality goes, is equally so as to pronunciation; for we have at present two horses, called "Vergiss-mein-nicht," and "Donner und Blitz." Surely, the English language is sufficiently extensive to furnish appellations, without going over to Germany or Holland for them.

November.

"Waken, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk, and horse, and hunting spear;
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
Waken, lords and ladies gay!"

WALTER SCOTT.

Remarkable Days — Fox Hunting — Gloucestershire—Berkeley Castle—Sagacity of a Hound belonging to Sir M. F. Berkeley—Visit to Ross—Worcester Music Meeting—Burrow's Malvern Landscape Glasses—Steeple-Chasing—A Quiet Gentleman's Horse—The Bishop of Romford's Cob—Sporting Dogs—The Dean of Hounslow's Pointer—The English Fox-hound—The Harrier—The Hon. Augustus Berkeley's Hounds—The Vulpecide—Yachting—Margate—Horrors of a Watering-place out of Season.

ACCORDING to a Frenchman's notion of England, the principal occupation of our countrymen in the gloomy month of November is to commit

suicide; and yet we will take upon ourselves to say that there are quite as many acts of self-destruction committed in La Belle France as in our foggy island during the above period. Occasionally we admit that the inhabitants of the metropolis are for four-and-twenty hours enveloped in a dense vapour, but in the country the weather is seasonable, and admirably adapted to field sports; for it seldom happens that hunting is stopped, eleven or twelve nights of frost being about the average.

Before, however, we enter into the out-door amusements of November, let us briefly refer to the events that have taken place in it, and which render it a most important epoch of our history. Among the remarkable days may be mentioned the first, "All Saints," a festival instituted by Boniface IV., when he was permitted by the Emperor Phocas to convert the Pantheon at Rome into a Christian church; and upon the anniversary of which many curious customs are still practised in various parts of great Britain.

From the first, pass we on to the fifth, famed for the Gunpowder Plot—a day which is kept to commemorate the diabolical attempt of the

Papists to blow up the Parliament House. From a burlesque poem on the times, published early in the eighteenth century, it appears that the anniversary of the Popish Plot was kept up with much more ceremony about this period than at a later one. The author very graphically commences his description of the fête of the *canaille* with the following lines:—

"However, whether known or not,
How 'twas begun, the plot's a plot,
That serves the rabble to remember
Upon this fifth day of November;
A pious time, when ragged popes,
With pasteboard crowns and paper copes,
Are hoisted on the people's shoulders,
To please fanatical beholders."

A general illumination seems to have taken place in the evening. Preparatory, however, to this grand "*flare-up*,"

"About the hour of six
The boys are stealing tubs and sticks,
And lustier mob, to please their maggots,
Are begging pence to purchase faggots.
I gazed about from side to side,
To view the city's zeal and pride,
Expressed in candles shining round,
From four to twenty in the pound."

The effigy usually carried about on this occasion was intended to represent the Pope. A long black horse-hair beard was attached to a hideous mask, such as we see in the opening demoniac scenes of a Christmas pantomime, and the head was surmounted by a triple crown. The image had on, also, a surplice made of ragged linen—

> "Given by female saints to cover
> His scare-crow Holiness all over."

A procession of noisy boys followed this effigy as cardinals, with paper mitres on their heads—

> "Each in his dirty right-hand bore
> Crossed lath, instead of crosier;
> And from their left a necklace hung,
> By their fanatic mothers strung."

The anniversary of the Revolution of 1688, when the throne of England became vested in the House of Orange, is kept on the 4th, although William landed on the 5th of November. Burnet thus relates the event:

"The fleet left Holland on the 1st of November, and on the 3rd we passed between Dover and

the Prince was both born and married, he fancied, if he could land that day, it would look auspicious to the army, and animate the soldiers; but others, who considered the day following was Gunpowder Treason Day, thought our landing that day might have a good effect on the English nation; and Divine Providence so ordered it, that, after all hope of our landing at Torbay was given up, and Russell bid me go to my prayers, for all was lost, the wind suddenly shifted, and carried us into the desired haven. Here the Prince, Marshal Schomberg, and the foot soldiers, landed on November the 5th. I never found a disposition to superstition in my temper, yet I must confess this strange ordering of the winds and seasons, just to change as our affairs required it, could not but make deep impressions on me."

On the 7th of November, 1615, a singular circumstance took place with respect to the privilege of wearing hats and bonnets in churches and courts of justice. Anne Turneys, the widow of a physician, was indicted at the bar of the Court of King's Bench, before Sir Edward Coke, as an accessory before the fact, for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. The learned judge, observing

she had a hat on, told her "to put it off; that a woman might be covered in a church, but not when arraigned in a court of justice." Whereupon she said, she thought it singular that she might be covered in the house of God, and not in the judicature of man. Sir Edward told her "that from God no secrets were hid; but that it was not so with man, whose intellects were weak; therefore, in the investigation of truth, and especially when the life of a fellow-creature is put in jeopardy, on the chance of having deprived another of life, the court should see all obstacles removed—and, because the countenance is often an index to the mind, all covering should be taken away from the face." The chief justice ordered her hat to be taken off, and she covered her hair with a handkerchief.

The 30th is the anniversary of St. Andrew, the younger brother of Simon surnamed Peter, who traversed the vast northern regions of Scythia, upon the dispersion of the Apostles, surmounting every difficulty. Passing over the countries of Thrace and Macedonia, at Patra he was so successful in the execution of his trust, that Ageas, the proconsul, condemned him to be first scourged

and then crucified, a sentence which was put into execution, with peculiar cruelty. His body was embalmed and honourably entombed by a Christian lady of rank and fortune, and some time afterwards his relics were removed to Byzantium by Constantine the Great. St. Andrew, in pictures, is represented bearing a cross in the form of the letter X. The Scotch have chosen him for their tutelar Saint, and they assert that his remains were deposited in Fifeshire, to which they were brought in the year 368. This day is also remarkable as the anniversary of the murder of Edmund Ironsides at Oxford, 1010; of the birth of Dean Swift, 1667; and of Voltaire, 1694; of the death of Charles the Twelfth, who was killed at Frederickshall, 1718; of the birth of Prince Charles Edward, called the Young Pretender, 1720; of the marriage of Peter the Great to his Prime Minister's daughter, 1729; of the execution of John Rann, called Sixteen String Jack, at Tyburn, 1774; and of the duel between Charles James Fox and Mr. Adams, when the former was slightly wounded, 1779; of a frost which commenced this day, in 1778, which continued till January, during which the Thames was frozen; of the evacuation of St. Do-

mingo by the French forces, who surrendered to the British fleet, in 1803.

November, too, has been replete with events connected with the history of our native land, for on the 10th, 1483, Martin Luther, the great apostle of the Reformation, was born at Eisleben, in Lower Saxony; on the 8th, 1674, John Milton, the distinguished author of "Paradise Lost," died; and on the 28th, 1530, the ambitious Cardinal Wolsey was gathered to his ancestors. On the 24th, 1857, we had to mourn the demise of Havelock; on the 26th, our continental neighbours lost a great warrior in Marshal Soult. The glorious battle of Inkermann on the 5th, in 1854, and the relief of Lucknow on the 17th, 1857, are events to be recorded as having reflected the greatest honour on the daring exploits of our brave soldiers on the rugged steppes of the Crimea, and on the burning plains of the East.

Two other names occur to us, and they are engraved on the hearts of all true-born Englishmen—the Prince of Wales and Princess Frederick William of Prussia were born in November.

We now turn to November as a sporting

month, and as one that is eagerly looked forward to, and highly prized by the lover of the "noble science," and the "gunner."

Our greatest poets have ever considered the chase worthy of notice; and first on field pastimes we must again name Somerville, who has by his writings proved himself to have been not only a theoretical but a practical sportsman; for every line of "The Chase" evinces, by the language, sentiments, and incidents, a thorough knowledge of the subject. His correct description of the kennel, his striking portraiture of the hounds, his animated sketch of the hare and beagle, his sensible dissertation upon scent, his vivid picture of the "fiery courser," his flowing versification in writing of the music of the chase, his forcible vigour in bringing to our "mind's eye" the wild Indian mode of hunting, his historical narration of the extirpation of the wolf, and his faithful and spirited detail of fox-hunting—the casting off of the hounds, their working upon the scent, the unkenneling of the fox, his breaking cover, and the "full cry" of the pack—are most graphically given, and inspire the highest enthusiasm for the "noble science." Perhaps the greatest compli-

ment that could be paid to the talent of this poet would be to say that, as a prose work, "The Chase" would be read, understood, and appreciated by every sportsman of high or humble origin, from

> "Nimrod, the founder
> Of empire and chase,
> Who made the woods wonder
> And quake for their race,"

down to the feeder or earthstopper of any pack of hounds in England.

Shakspeare, whose strong, fruitful genius, pertinent and judicious sentiments, fertility of invention, extent of knowledge and reading, power and address in throwing out or applying either nature or learning, amazing sagacity of investigating every hidden spring and wheel of action, did not think it beneath his vigorous and comprehensive mind to treat of the chase. How joyous are the lines:—

> "echoes loud,
> Redoubled and redoubled, concourse wild
> Of mirth and jocund din;"

while in the following extract the immortal Bard of Avon proves that his practical axioms and domestic wisdom are just and living pictures of our passions and pursuits:—

"Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Brach, Merriman—the poor cur is emboss'd,
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd Brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound!
* * * * * *
Why, Bellman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day picked out the dullest scent."

"Rare Ben Jonson," who affirmed that Shakspeare "had small Latin, and less Greek," and who attributed his excellence to "the naturall braine onlye," does not come up to his more successful dramatic rival in any respect, still less as regards the chase, as may be gleaned from the following stanzas:—

"The first physicians by debauch were made;
Excess began, and sloth maintains the trade:
By chase our long-lived fathers earned their food,
Toil strung the nerves and purified the blood;
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught."

Addison prescribes field-sports as the best kind of physic for mending a bad constitution and preserving a good one, adding, "We find that those parts are most healthy where they subsist by hunting, and that men live longest when their

lives are so employed." Dryden conveys the same idea in verse:—

> "Hunting is the noblest exercise;
> Makes men laborious, active, wise;
> Brings health, and does the soul delight."

Nor is the chase confined to our native isle. In France, from the days of the "Emperor of the West," the great Charlemagne, ruler of the Carlovingian race, the monarchs of that country have been great followers of it.

The Fête of St. Hubert, the patron saint of hunting, is still kept up by our Continental neighbours; and there are writers, from Jacques de Fouilleux and Robert de Salnove, down to the author of a modern production entitled "Le Sport," who give most graphic and interesting details of this manly recreation.

Francis I., in addition to his title of father of the arts and sciences, is described as "Le père des chasseurs;" and, in a quaint old work by the author already quoted, "La Vénerie de Jacques de Fouilleux," the author, addressing the feeble in body and weak in intellect, Charles IX., says, "that among the various pursuits of men, whether in *les beaux arts*, or in high and

occult sciences, or in the study of philosophy, none can be compared, in his estimation, to the delights of the chase."

Without pausing to indorse this opinion, addressed to a monarch not many degrees removed from idiotcy, we will proceed to give an anecdote of Francis I., which proves the daring conduct of that chivalrous prince, when he was at Ambroise:—

"Among other diversions got up for the amusement of the fair sex, his majesty ordered an enormous wild boar, which he had caught in the forest, to be let loose in the courtyard of the castle. The animal, maddened by the numerous darts hurled against him from the windows, made his way up the grand staircase, and with fury burst open the apartment of the ladies. Francis, who was present, ordered his officers not to attack the enraged brute, but waited deliberately to receive him with the point of his sword, which he dexterously thrust between his eyes, and with a forcible grasp turned the boar upon his back. What renders this feat more wonderful is, that the future antagonist of our Bluff Harry was then only in his one-and-twentieth year."

To return to modern days, hunting abroad has increased wonderfully within the last half century, and this is to be attributed to the influx of Englishmen on foreign soil. The fertile plains of Italy and the arid land of the Mediterranean isles, the wild prairies of the Cape, the scorched regions of India, the uncultivated tracts of Canada, and the grape-clad gardens of Hungary, have been the scenes of the sport of "merrie England," and many a peasant has gazed with wonder at the sight when listening to the tuneful melody of the pack—when

> "The hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
> And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth."

Every reader of history must be aware that the line of the poet is true, and that "the chase has been the sport of British Kings" both before and since the Conquest. The tragical end of Edward the Martyr is well known; and Edward the Confessor was also a lover of sport, according to the authority of his biographer, who writes:—

"There was only one diversion in which he took the greatest possible delight—namely, to follow a pack of fleet hounds in pursuit of their game, and to cheer them with his voice.

Every day after Divine service he took the field, and spent his life in these beloved sports."

William of Normandy, although tyrannical, was a princely master of hounds, for he desolated and dispeopled a great portion of Hampshire to form the New Forest; while his huntsmen, Wateran, Croe, Godwin, and Williams, possessed extensive estates and possessions bestowed on them by their liberal employer.

Walter Scott has thus described the fate of the Conqueror's successor:—

> "And that Red King who, while of old,
> Through Boldrewood the chase he led,
> By his lov'd huntsman's arrow bled."

The depraved, treacherous, cruel, lustful tyrant, John, amidst the turmoil of his disgraceful and inglorious reign, found frequent opportunities of indulging in the sport. Edward I., than whom no monarch added more to the solid interests of the kingdom, stood foremost as a Royal sportsman. There is an interesting document extant, drawn up by the Comptroller of the Wardrobe, A.D., 1299, when the king was in his fifty-third year, giving the sums paid to William d'Blatherwyck and another huntsman for their wages, and those of

two boys, for the keep of twelve foxhounds, horses, liveries, shoes, &c., amounting to what in our days would be equal to nearly four hundred pounds per annum. One item is curious :—

"Paid to the same, the expense of a horse to carry the nets from November 20 to the last day of April, 163 days, threepence per diem."

The effeminate successor of "Longshanks," Edward of Caernarvon, was fond of horses; and his son, the third Edward, was the first to promote the importation of them into this country; and in 1363 this monarch invited the kings of Scotland, France, and Cyprus to a Royal hunt, which exceeded in expense and magnificence any previous gathering of crowned heads. Richard, the crook-backed tyrant, gives orders to "saddle White Surrey for the field," and offers a kingdom to replace his slain horse; while during the period of the reign of Harry of Richmond—described by no courtly flatterer as a faithless friend, a bitter enemy, a cruel husband to an amiable consort, an undutiful son to his venerable mother, a careless father, and an ungenerous master—little mention is made of hunting. Henry VIII. paid particular attention to horses; while his son,

during his brief career, was the first monarch who made stealing them a capital offence. The Virgin Queen, according to the authority of Rowland White, in a letter to Sir Robert Sidney, was "well and exceedingly disposed to hunting; for every second day," says the writer, "Her Majesty is on horseback, and continues the sport long."

At the date of the above (September 12, 1600), Elizabeth was in her seventy-seventh year. James I. of England, who, according to Welwood, divided his time between his standish bottle and hunting, is famed in sporting annals for a letter addressed to his son, in which, among other excellent advice respecting "bodilie exercises and games," he says, "I cannot omit heere the hunting—namelie, with runnihg houndes, which is the most honourable and noblest sort thereof; but because I would not be thought a partiall praiser of this sport I remit you to Xenophon, an olde and famous writer, who had no minde of flattering you or me in this purpose, and who also settleth down to a faire pattern for the education of a young king, under the supposed name of Cyrus." It was about this period that some kind of race meet-

ings took place at Newmarket, where this monarch erected a house, which was destroyed in the civil wars, but afterwards rebuilt by Charles II. The martyred Charles was an accomplished horseman, and the Merry Monarch devoted his leisure time to hawking; his brother, the Duke of York, was devoted to hunting; William III. encouraged the manège, under the direction of Foubert, a talented Frenchman. Queen Anne and her consort, Prince George of Denmark, patronized the turf more than the hunting-field, for, within a few days of Her Majesty's demise, her horse Star won in four heats a £40 plate for aged horses, 11st. each, four-mile heats. Sixteen miles for £40 was rather an unprofitable race. Neither the first nor second George knew much of hunting; but the third of that name kept hounds, and was greatly attached to the sport. George IV. devoted much of his early life to the turf, and little to the hunting-field; while the avocations of William the Sailor King entirely precluded him from any chase except a naval one. Our present gracious Sovereign and the Prince of Wales extend their patronage to the "noble science."

Having brought down the chase from the time

of the Conquest to the days of Victoria, we proceed to give a description of a modern fox-hunt. Commence we with the "meet"—

> "Delightful scene!
> When all around is gay—men, horses, dogs,
> And in each blooming countenance appears
> Fresh blooming health and universal joy."

After many a hearty greeting the hounds are seen approaching; at the appointed hour a signal from the master, who has consulted his watch, is made, and answered by a "Eu in there, good dogs!" from the huntsman. The willing hounds are soon lost in the covert. See how steadily they draw! No babbling is heard; all are earnestly at work. "Milkmaid has it!" exclaims the master. A halloo is heard. "Gone away!" shouts the first whipper-in. "Hold hard, gentlemen!" cries the huntsman. "Give 'em time there, my Lady!" (for we assume some modern Harpalyce is present), "down that ride; the fox is sure to sink the wind."

The canine chorus fills; a crash worthy of Costa's orchestra re-echoes through the woodlands, and the highly-trained pack, with heads up and sterns down, settle well to the scent. Poor

Reynard, having been sharply pressed in the onset, is what is inelegantly termed "blown," or, as the more fastidious would say, "panting for breath." The wily animal is, therefore, after a burst of five-and-twenty minutes, obliged to have recourse to stratagem. He steals along a ditch, after crossing the track of a flock of sheep, and by this means causes a check. But the huntsman, whose keen eye has never been off his hounds, observes the way they had previously inclined, and holds them on (without casting) in the right direction. Again they hit him off. Now it is from scent to view. It is a race for life—a Balaklava charge for the vulpine race. Pug makes for the wood; every hound is at his heels. Milkmaid, first in the find, is first at the death. The coronach "Whoo-hoop!" is heard, and the pad, snout, and brush are all that are left of the gallant animal.

The above description of a run brings back to our memory the glories of Melton some fifteen years ago, when we passed a week in that hospitable town; which glories have been revived under the management of the present

master of the Quorn, the liberal and public-spirited Earl of Stamford and Warrington.

To "hark back" to 1846, our first day with the Quorn was most propitious. John o' Gaunt's gorse was first tried: a fox stole away, and was hit off for a field or two, but was lost near Lowesby. Next, Billesden Coplow, where we found Reynard "at home." Away he went to Quenby Hall, in what the soldiers call "double-quick time;" then to the right, between Newton and Tilton; passed Lowesby on the left; and thence, with a burning scent, for Twyford, South Croxton, and nearly to Barkby; doubled for Beeby, and then to Boggrave Hall. The fox was finally killed in the village of Hungarton—distance, at least fourteen miles; time, one hour and eight minutes.

Our next day was with the Cottesmore, who met at Leesthorpe, only three miles from Melton. After trying Buttermilk Hills, and finding the Punchbowl empty, Colonel Lowther gave the word for Ranksborough. A fine fox was speedily unkennelled, and led us off, railway speed, for the

age of many was literally, as well as figuratively, damped, and, among others (to our shame be it spoken), we found ourselves stopped by this Rubicon. Ignorant of the country, I knew not whither the wily animal directed his course; but after a "home circuit" of twenty minutes, he again crossed the brook, giving the *tail*ers and tailors another opportunity. A short breathing time, and away to Cold Orton; thence to Ashby Pastures, where he tried what stuff men and horses were made of. In two hours and a half from breaking cover, a chosen nine found themselves at Burton, where, from a humane consideration both to bipeds and quadrupeds, the pack was stopped. Colonel Lowther, Lord Wilton, Sir David Baird, the huntsman, and whippers-in, went the whole run, and showed some splendid riding; the remaining three, who were stopped *in* or *at* the brook, got upon their second horses, and could, therefore, only claim half the triumphs of the day.

Of the present Meltonians, although we believe there are many "good men and true among"

referring only to those we had the good fortune to meet in bygone days—many of whom, alas! are gone to "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns."

Referring to our diary of 1846, we find the following remarks:—

"Of the riders we will offer a brief description. 'There is no one better than Lord Wilton' every one will tell you that knows anything of hunting in Leicestershire; and certainly for judgment, seat, quickness, and good nerve, the noble Earl stands pre-eminent. Lord Gardiner cannot be beaten. He goes like a bird, and from the first day he went to Melton to the last day he hunted there few men ever saw more runs. Mr. Gilmore is unquestionably the best of the heavy weights; it is quite one of the wonders of the world to see the place he always holds whenever business is to be done. Colonel Wyndham, late of the Scots Greys, often surprises the hunting world over the fields of Leicestershire, as did his brave corps open the eyes of Napoleon on the plains of Waterloo. Captain Oliver, late of the 'Blues,' cannot (figuratively at least) be placed among the 'heavies' with the Quorn: he goes to work in the right

form, uniting judgment, courage, and strength. His brother, late a 'sodjer officer,' disproves the usual fallacy that military men cannot ride. To prove our case, look at Lords Cardigan, William Beresford, Macdonald, and Gifford, Sir David Baird, the Hon. Augustus Berkeley, Charles Forrester, Messrs. Lovel, Vyse, Francis Berkeley, &c. Lord Howth is one of the neatest and best men over the country ever seen, and is always 'there or thereabouts.' Sir David Baird can ride a bad horse with any other man in the United Kingdom: his nerve is wonderful. Messrs. Leslie (brothers) are admirably mounted, and are daily earning fresh laurels. Count Batthyany is too popular a man in Leicestershire to pass unnoticed. Nothing can exceed his love, his ardour, for the chase; and, considering that his education did not commence in England, he really deserves the greatest credit for the position he now holds in the sporting world. Lord Archibald St. Maur is a thoroughbred sportsman, and, being well mounted, does the thing in quite the right form. Lord Rancliffe, the prince of light weights, goes as well as he did in the year 1815, when during the Congress of Vienna he led the way with

Lord Londonderry's foxhounds. Mr. Greene, of Rollston, the present master (1846), rides well across Leicestershire, and does his work in a superior style: there are few better artists in this or in any other country. Lord Cranstoun is an enthusiastic lover of the 'noble science.' Mr. Geary has lately come out, and distinguished himself greatly, few can surpass him. Mr. Oliver Massey is always in a good place, and sees as many runs as any other Meltonian. He is one of those whose riding to hounds never varies, and he is a safe card for any novice to follow. Sir James Musgrave, though last in our list, is undoubtedly not least in the estimation of every one who knows what a thoroughbred sportsman ought to be. His health, unfortunately, has been so indifferent of late that he has been compelled to give up hunting this season. Sincerely do we trust that, with an invigorated constitution, he will shortly again return to Melton, where he has so long and so deservedly been a great favourite. Mr. Stubbs, better known by his friends by a more spicy name, is an undeniably good one with the hounds; and there is no man that can do more in cool blood. We once saw him turn out

of a road over the stiffest gate we ever came across; the hounds were not running, and the feat arose from a question as to whether the horse he rode was good at timber. There are a variety of other first-rate riders in Leicestershire whom we have not time nor space sufficient to enumerate."

Such were our impressions in 1846. There can be no doubt that, although Melton still holds, and probably ever will hold, a high rank as a hunting locale, it is not quite in such favour with the rising generation as it was thirty years ago. The introduction of the rail and the speedy powers of locomotion may in some degree account for this; when, as in former times, it was necessary to select some county for the purpose of passing the winter to indulge in the "noble science," Leicestershire was the height of the sportsman's ambition, and Melton the object of his fondest dream. There the *élite* of the hunting world were assembled, and there, with the exception of a rubber at whist, and an occasional "lark" to cover, nothing was thought of or talked about except foxes and fox-hunting. At present, the charms of change of scene, the

easy transit from one place to another, and the facility afforded those who prefer the metropolis to the country, to carry on their favourite diversion from London, tend to diminish the number of Meltonians; still there are many who, following the steps of their fathers, seek that far-famed spot—famed alike for *la chasse* and pork pies; and among them may be mentioned Lord Grey de Wilton and his brother, the Hon. Seymour Egerton. Lady Stamford ranks among the best riders of the day across country. Richard Lloyd, of Aston, is as good as good can be, as is Godfrey Morgan, and the Earl of Stamford, as a master of and rider to hounds, cannot be excelled. Of the heavy weights, Mr. Gilmour still retains the position he held twenty years ago, and reminds one of the days when Sir Bellingham Graham, than whom a finer sportsman and rider never existed, and "Maxse or Cognac," were leading stars at Melton. The quiet way in which the worthy Yorkshire baronet put his horse at a rasping fence, yawning brook, or blind "bullfinch," was the admiration of every one, and no run was too fast or too severe for him. Sir W. Carew, Lord Colville, the Hon. H. Coventry,

Grant, Leslie, and Burbidge, are always forward. White, who hunted the Cheshire, paid a flying visit to Melton last season, and went as well as ever.

Lord Wilton may still be called the "Crichton" of field sports, and the gallant Cardigan will ever be found in the foremost rank, whether in charging the enemy, or in the "faint image of war," the chase. Sir George Wombwell is as good a horseman as his late father—and that is no mean praise—and unquestionably a better man across country. Lord Coventry's heart and soul is in the hunting-field; no wonder then, with youth and energy, that he ranks so high as a sportsman.

Francis Berkeley contents himself with his father's pack, in Gloucestershire; and whether on the race-course or in the hunting-field, proves himself one of the right sort.

"Oh, there's not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As the vale in whose covers the Berkeley hounds meet!"

And across that country, or, indeed, any other, the heir to that noble property is *nulli secundus*. Lord Gardiner's nerves are as good as they were five-and-twenty years ago—few men can be found to come up to him. W. Craven has a fine stud of

hunters, and he is generally in the first rank. Frederick and Augustus Berkeley hunt no longer in Leicestershire—the former confining himself to Gloucestershire, the latter to Sussex.

Death and other causes have deprived the hunting-field of many of its most brilliant men; and among the former may be mentioned, Assheton Smith, David Baird, Waterford, Sutton, Goodricke, Griff Lloyd, Musgrave, Jersey, Coke, Valentine Maher, Moore, Villiers, Delamere, Robert and Charles Manners, Frank Forrester, A. Villiers Plymouth, and Alvanley; while others who have been spared find other vocations to follow, and Chesterfield, George Payne, the Squire, Grant, Maxse, Bellingham Graham, and Biddulph, still flourish, as we trust they will long continue to do.

In conclusion, no country in Europe can boast of foxhounds equal in swiftness, strength, or agility to those of Britain, where the utmost attention is paid to their breeding, education, and maintenance. The climate, also, seems congenial to their nature—for it has been said that when

rate, and in some degree lose those qualities for which they were originally so famed.

In England, the attachment to the chase is, in a great measure, considered as a *trait* in the national character; consequently it is not to be wondered at that our dogs and horses should excel all others in that noble diversion. This propensity appears to be increasing in the nation, and no price seems now thought too great for hounds of known excellence. We find that in 1788 Mr. Noel's pack was sold to Sir William Lowther for a thousand guineas, and a good pack in these days would ensure almost fabulous prices.

To shew what our ancestors deemed good sport, we quote the following extract from a sporting diary kept by a celebrated lover of the noble science, dated September 1st, 1755:—

"The hounds of Sir Charles Turner, Bart., of Birkleatham, hunted at Auryholm Woods, near Haworth, and found the noted old fox, Cæsar, who made an extraordinary chase. After a round of four miles he led to Smeaton, through Hornby and Appleton, then back again to Hornby, Worsell Moor, Piersburg, Limpton, Craythorn, Middleton,

Hambleton, through Kirkleatham Park, Upleatham, Skelton, Kilton. Sir Charles Turner tired three horses. Robert Colling, Esq., of Haworth, was the last and only horseman who called off the hounds that started when they first found the fox. Near five o'clock in the afternoon there were only three hounds in pursuit, one of which was bred in the month of January before. The chase was upwards of fifty miles! In the previous year Sir Charles made a match with the Earl of March for 4,000 gs. a-side, 'to be performed on the Fell near Richmond. The conditions of the match were, that Sir Charles Turner should ride ten miles within the hour, in which he was to take thirty leaps, each leap to be one yard, one quarter, and seven inches high. Sir Charles performed it upon a Galloway, to the astonishment of every person present, in 46 minutes and 59 seconds."

Again, we find from the journal of an old Meltonian the following description of a run in November, 1794:—

"On Wednesday, Mr. Meynell's hounds had one of the severest runs from Ashby Pastures ever remembered in this country; the whole was

one continued burst of an hour and fifty minutes, without the interval of a single check, notwithstanding the change of a fresh scent after about the first hour. As it was not end-ways run, the huntsmen, and three or four others who had skirted with judgment, came up just after the fox was killed; but the only four people who lay well with the hounds throughout, were Messrs. Cholmondeley, Forrester, Morant, and Sir Harry Featherstone, and their horses were all very much distressed at the end. The rest of a very numerous field were completely beat from the first, and never made their appearance at all. The unrivalled superiority of the hounds was as remarkable in their carrying so fine a head during every part of such a severe race as it always is in a cold hunting chase."

To show the difference that exists between the master of the Royal hounds in the reign of Queen Victoria, and that of the ancient Kings of Wales, we give the following historical record:—

"In the hunting-season he was entertained, together with his servants and dogs, by the tenants who held lands in villenage from the King. Hinds were hunted from the mid-

dle of February to midsummer, and stags from that time to the middle of October. From the ninth day of November to the end of that month he hunted the wild-boar. On the first day of November he brought his hounds and all his hunting apparatus for the King's inspection, and the skins of the animals he had killed in the preceding season were divided, according to a settled proportion, between the King, himself, and his attendants. A little before Christmas he returned to the court, to support his rank and enjoy his privileges. During his residence at the palace he was lodged at the kiln-house, where corn was prepared by fire for the dogs. His bugle was the horn of an ox, valued at one pound. Whenever his oath was required he swore by his horn, hounds, and leashes. Early in the morning, and before he put on his boots, and then only, he was liable to be cited to appear before a court of judicature. The master of the hounds, or any other person who shares with the King, had a right to divide, and the King to choose. It was his duty to accompany the army on its march with his horn, and to sound the alarm and the signal of battle. His protection extended to any distance

which the sound of his horn could reach. The laws declared that the beaver, the marten, and the stoat were the King's, wherever killed; and that with the furry skin of these animals his robes were to be bordered. The legal price of a beaver's skin was stated at 10s."

In a former chapter we gave an account of the wonderful sagacity of a hound belonging to the present Lord Fitzhardinge, and we now record one of a similar character, that occurred in the pack of a huntsman of 1793:—

When Mr. Smyth (known among sportsmen by the familiar appellation of Old Joe Smyth) and Mr. Taylor kept their fox-hounds at Whinwick, in Northamptonshire, they used sometimes to go for a fortnight's hunting to Lutterworth, in Leicestershire. On one of these expeditions, it was judged prudent to leave a favourite hound, called Dancer, at home, on account of his not being quite sound. Their first day's hunting from Lutterworth produced an extraordinary chase, in which hounds and horses were so tired, that it was deemed necessary to stop that night at Leicester.

On returning the next day to Lutterworth,

they were told that a hound of a certain description, from which it was known to be Dancer, had come thither soon after their going out the preceding morning, had waited quietly till towards the evening, had then shown signs of uneasiness, and in the morning disappeared. It was, of course, concluded that, disappointed of finding his companions where he expected, Dancer had returned to the kennel at Whinwick; but what was the surprise and concern of his masters, on returning home, to hear that he had come back from Lutterworth, stayed one day at home, and then disappeared!

Every possible inquiry was made, and at length it was discovered that, not finding the pack either at Lutterworth or Whinwick, Dancer had proceeded into Warwickshire, to a Mr. Newsome's, where the hounds had been for a week some months before. The exercise of a reasoning faculty, beyond instinct, in the brute creation, was, perhaps, never more strongly exemplified than in this instance.

We regret to find that in many counties in England, men calling themselves gentlemen are found encouraging the destruction of foxes. We have

been informed of one, who, from his position in society, ought to know better; and if the outrage continues, we shall feel ourselves called upon to publish the names of all Vulpecides, thus holding them up to the scorn of every true-bred sportsman; in the meantime, we shall content ourselves with giving an extract from a letter of a nobleman to his agent in Leicestershire, written nearly seventy years ago, and which, as we can vouch for its authenticity, fully merits a place in the "Recreations of a Sportsman." We hope the hint thus given will not be thrown away. It bears date :—

"St. James's, October 12th, 1792.

"On the 2nd instant, I returned you, in a parcel by the mail, the notices you sent me to sign. I hope you received them early enough to serve upon my tenants in due time, without inconvenience to yourself. I must desire that all those tenants who have shown themselves friends to the several fox-hunts in your neighbouring counties, viz., Lord Spencer's, Duke of Rutland's, Mr. Meynell's, Lord Stamford's, &c., may have the offer and refusal of their farms, upon easy and moderate terms; and, on the other hand, that

you will take care and make very particular inquiry into the conduct of those tenants who shall have shown a contrary disposition, by destroying foxes, or encouraging others to do so, or otherwise interrupting gentlemen's diversion, and will transmit me their names and places of abode, as it is my absolute determination that such persons shall not be treated with in future by me, upon any terms or consideration whatever. I am convinced that landowners, as well as farmers and labourers of every description, if they knew their own interest, would perceive that they owe much of their prosperity to these popular hunts, by the great influx of money that is annually brought into the country. I shall therefore use my best endeavour to induce all persons of my acquaintance to adopt similar measures, and I am already happy to find that three gentlemen of very extensive landed property in Leicestershire, and on the borders of Northamptonshire, have positively sent, within these few days, similar directions to their stewards, which their tenants will be apprised of before they retake their farms at next Lady-day. My sole object is, having the good of the community at heart, as you and all my tenants know

that my sporting days have been over some time ago."

The veteran who wrote the above letter was in every sense of the word a sportsman; and as an English fox-hunter, few in early life excelled him. *Tempora mutantur.*

The present generation of sportsmen is very different from that of the last generation, both as regards manners, habits, customs, hours, dress, and education. We need not enumerate the qualities of a squire of our days, but we may give those of one of the last age.

The country squire of Fielding's time, the independent gentleman of three hundred pounds per annum, commonly appeared in a plain drab or plush coat, large silver buttons, a jockey cap, and rarely without top-boots. His time was principally spent in hunting, shooting, or angling. His travels never exceeded the distance of the country town, and that only at assize and session time, or to attend an election. Once a-week he commonly dined at the neighbouring market-town, with the attorneys and justices, and from which he generally returned Bacchi and "backy" *plenus*. The squire went to church regularly on a Sunday,

read the weekly journal, settled the parochial disputes between the parish-officers at the vestry, and afterwards adjourned to the next ale-house, where he usually got mortally drunk. He never played at cards except at Christmas, when a family pack, much fingered and thumbed, was produced from the mantel-piece. He was commonly followed by a couple of greyhounds and a pointer, and announced his arrival at a neighbour's house by smacking his whip, or giving the view halloo. His drink was generally ale, except on Christmas, the fifth of November, or some other gala days, when he would make a bowl of strong brandy punch, garnished with a toast and nutmeg. A journey to London was, by one of these men, reckoned as great an undertaking as is at present a voyage to the North Pole, and undertaken with scarcely less precaution.

The mansion of one of these squires was of plaster striped with timber, called callimaneo-work; or of red brick, large casemented bow-windows, a porch with seats in it, and over it a study; the eaves of the house well inhabited by swallows, and the court set round with hollyhocks; among the out-offices of the house a warm stable

for his horses, and a good kennel for his dogs. Near the gate was a large wooden horse-block, for the conveniency of mounting. The hall was furnished with flitches of bacon, and the mantel-piece with fowling-pieces and fishing-rods of different dimensions, accompanied by the good broad-sword, partizan, and dagger, borne by his ancestors in the civil wars. The vacant spaces were occupied by stags' horns. Against the wall were pasted King Charles's golden rules, and an almanack. In his window lay "Baker's Chronicle," "Fox's Book of Martyrs," "Glanvil on Witches," "Quincy's Dispensatory," "Bracken's Farmery," and the "Complete Sportsman." In the corner by the fireside stood a large wooden two-armed chair with a cushion; and within the chimney-corner were a couple of seats.

Here at Christmas he entertained his tenants assembled round a large glowing fire, made of the roots of trees and other great logs, while he recounted exploits in hunting, related who had been the best sportsman of his time, and told and listened to hereditary tales of the village respecting a ghost and witches, till fear made them afraid to move.

In the meantime, the jorum of old October home-brewed ale was in continual circulation. The parlour, which was never opened except on particular occasions, was furnished with Turkey-worked chairs, and hung round with portraits of his ancestors (which he valued as much as Charles Surface did that of his uncle Noll), running-horses, and hunting-pieces.

Return we to November. On the first, the several meets of the fox-hounds are advertised, and that fine English pastime commences in downright good earnest; cub-hunting having been carried on with great spirit during the two previous months. Our personal experience confines us to one county, which furnishes as fine woods for cub-hunting as any in England; and having passed the month of September in Gloucestershire, we will lay before our readers a slight sketch of Lord Fitzhardinge's fox-hounds, the Castle, the Vale, the Forest of Dean, and other localities connected with this far-famed pack of fox-hounds; and first let us commence with that ancient pile referred to by Shakespeare, and noticed by Gray:—

"Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death through Berkeley's roofs that ring—
Shrieks of an agonizing King."

Berkeley, according to Sir Robert Atkyns, the historian of Gloucestershire, derives its name from the Saxon *beorc*, a birch tree, and *leas*, a pasture, from which it has been inferred that the parish was formerly remarkable for the growth of birch trees. From the fertility of the soil, and its contiguity to the river Severn, it has always been a place of importance, and at a very early period gave name to the great manor of Berkeley, which, during the Heptarchy, was held of the crown, at £500 17s. 2d. per annum, by Roger de Berkeley, a near relative of Edward the Confessor and Lord of Dursley, from which the earliest pedigree of the Berkeley family is deduced.

Berkeley, notwithstanding the residence of the elder branches of their family in the Castle of Dursley, was a market town, and had a nunnery endowed with the large manor of Berkeley. The time of the foundation of this establishment, and the name of the founder, are unknown; but its

suppression, prior to the Conquest, was brought about by the heartless profligacy and perfidious avarice of Earl Godwin, who received a grant of its possessions, as a reward for his treachery in plotting the seduction of the sisterhood by his nephew, and afterwards reporting to his sovereign the degraded state to which the frail fair ones had been reduced.

A few years afterwards, William the Conqueror, professing high respect for all the relatives of Edward the Confessor, granted the manor of Berkeley to Roger Berkeley, of Dursley, by whose descendants it was held till the reign of Henry II., when, refusing to pay the fee-farm rent, and also taking part with Stephen, they were dispossessed by the former monarch, who granted the manor to Robert Fitz-Hardinge, the descendant of a younger son of the King of Denmark, at that time mayor of Bristol. Fitz-Hardinge, however, was so greatly annoyed in his new possessions by the Berkeleys of Dursley, that Henry II. interfered to make peace between them, which he ultimately effected by arranging a marriage between Maurice, son of Robert Fitz-Hardinge, and the daughter of Roger de Berkeley,

upon which the former assumed the name of Berkeley; and from this union descended the present family: the male issue of the Berkeleys of Dursley became extinct in 1382.

The castle erected during this reign at the south-east end of the town, out of the ruins of the ancient nunnery, was considerably enlarged by successive proprietors, in the reigns of the Second and Third Edward, and became one of the principal baronial seats in the kingdom. There are many historical and political events connected with the castle. In the reign of King John it was one of the places of meeting for the confederate barons, who compelled that monarch to grant the Magna Charta; it was here, too, that Edward II., after his deposition, was detained a prisoner, under the alternate custody of Lords Berkeley, Maltravers, and Gournay: and during the illness of the former, by whom he had always been treated with kindness and humanity, was barbarously murdered by the two latter. History thus records the event:—

"When the death of this unfortunate monarch had been resolved upon by the Queen and Mortimer, her infamous paramour, he was removed to

Berkeley Castle, and committed to the custody of Thomas, third Lord Berkeley." Owing to the humanity with which this lord treated the captive monarch, he was soon after obliged to relinquish his castle and prisoner to Lord Maltravers and Sir Thomas Gournay, by whom the King was shortly afterwards murdered, through the wicked subtlety of Adam, Bishop of Hereford, who wrote unto his keepers these few words, without any stops or points between them: "*Edwardum occidere nolite timere bonum est;* that by reason of their different sense and construction, they might commit the murder, and the *im*pious prelate excuse himself. These enigmatical words have been thus translated:—

"To murder King Edward fear; not to do it is praiseworthy."

"To murder King Edward fear not; to do it is praiseworthy."

And again—

"To seek to shed King Edward's blood,
Refuse to fear I think it good."

Thomas de la More, who was privy-counsellor to Edward, and wrote his life, says that the murder was committed with a plumber's iron—"*cum ferro plumberri intense ignito,*" &c. Walsingham

in his history gives a most minute detail of the torture practised; and Holinshed says:—"His crie did move many within the castell and town of Bircklei to compassion, plainly hearing him utter a wailefull noyse, as the tormenters were about to murder him; so that dyvers being awakened thereby (as they themselves confessed), prayed heartilee to God to receyve his soule, when they understode by his crie what the matter ment." A small apartment, called Edward's room, over the steps leading to the Keep, is pointed out as the room where this dire cruelty was perpetrated. At that time all the light it received was from loop-holes for arrows—the windows having since been introduced. After the murder, Lord Berkeley was arraigned as a participator in the foul deed, but was honourably acquitted by his peers of being accessory to the ill-fated monarch's death.

The natural division of the county is into the Cotswold, the Vale, and the Forest districts; we shall, however, confine ourselves to a brief description of the two latter.

The Vale district comprehends the whole lowlands from Stratford-on-Avon to Bristol, and is usually divided into the vales of Evesham, Glou-

cester, and Berkeley; the forest district contains the parishes on the west side of the Severn up to Gloucester, and afterwards on the left side of the river Leden, up to the spot where it enters the county from Herefordshire. The richest meadows and pastures are on the banks of the Severn, and other rivers which run through the vale, and prove most productive to the dairy farmer. The Severn is navigable the whole of its course through the county; below Thornbury it takes the name of the Bristol Channel, and forms a grand estuary, of about ten miles broad, which continues to expand until it mingles with the Atlantic Ocean. The tide in this river, famed for its boisterous and impetuous roar, comes up to Gloucester with great rapidity, and the stream is turned by it as high as Tewkesbury. Salmon and sturgeon are caught in great abundance; and the former, the king of fresh-water fish, is highly esteemed in every part of England.

The Gloucester and Berkeley ship-canal, designed to form a shorter and safer passage for vessels of large burden between Gloucester and the Severn, was projected and commenced in 1793, and was opened on the 26th of April, 1827.

It is a work of great magnitude, being sixteen and a fourth miles in length, from seventy to ninety feet wide, eighteen feet deep, and level from one extremity to the other, so that vessels of 500 tons register can pass through it. It joins the river Severn at Sharpness Point, about two miles from the market-town of Berkeley, where are the harbour and entrance locks, esteemed to be one of the finest pieces of masonry in the kingdom. The canal for nearly a mile in length is separated from the rapid flow of the Severn only by a high and massive wall. The importation of wheat from foreign countries through this canal to Gloucester has been during the last years very considerable, and must, we think, convince the opponents of free trade that, but for the legislative enactment of the late Sir Robert Peel, famine might have overtaken us; for, had the weather remained as unpropitious for the crops as it was feared it would early last season, we should not have grown enough corn in England to supply the wants of the people.

Lord Fitzhardinge's foxhounds, to which we shall refer more largely in the course of our narrative, have within the last two seasons had a

week or two cub-hunting in the Forest of Dean, and a finer spot cannot be well imagined. The foxes are strong and plentiful, the rides good, and the scent generally lies well. The head-quarters of the huntsman and his pack are at the Speech House, to which we shall presently refer, where there is most excellent accommodation for both man, horse, and hound. A brief account of this wooded district may not be uninteresting.

The Forest of Dean is an extra-parochial liberty, in the hundred of St. Briavell's, in the western division of the county of Gloucester, containing 10,674 inhabitants. This district, extending twenty miles from north to south, and ten from east to west, lies between the rivers Severn and Wye, and for centuries has been famed for its pasture, tillage, fine oaks, iron and coal mines. It was once reckoned the chief support of the British navy; but the woods have been thinned by frequency of felling, and the deer that once roamed wildly through the recesses are no longer to be found within its precincts. In the reign of Henry II., so intricate were its crossways, that the most daring outrages and robberies were committed with impunity by the inhabitants; and this system

continued until restrained by the discovery of its rich underground wealth, and the consequent establishment of forges, together with the erection of towns and villages for the residence of the miners and manufacturers, before which six lodges for the keepers were the only tenements in it. The extent of the forest, as defined in the 12th of Henry III., and subsequently confirmed, is 23,015 acres, belonging to the Crown, exclusive of freeholds obtained by grants. Charles I. conveyed all the coppices and waste soil of the forest, except the Lea Bailey, with all mines and quarries, to Sir John Wyntour, for £10,600, and a fee-farm rent of £1,950 12s. 8d. for ever; at which time there were standing 105,557 trees, estimated to contain 61,928 tons of timber; but the civil war putting an end to the patent, the enclosures were thrown open, and the whole reforested. However, a renewal of the grant, excepting the timber fitted for naval purposes, was made by Charles II. to the same individual; but, upon a Government survey made in 1667, it was discovered that he had made great encroachments on the property of the Crown, to repair which 1,100 acres were then enclosed and planted, and from

this plantation the royal dockyards were chiefly supplied. There are orchards producing a peculiar kind of fruit called the styre apple, the cider made from which is of a superior quality, and bears a high price. The government is vested in a lord warden (who is constable of St. Briavell's Castle), six deputy warders, four verderers, a conservator, seven woodwards, a chief forester in fee, and bow-bearer, which united offices are held by the Wyndham family, in right of inheritance; eight foresters in fee, a gaveller, and a steward of the swainmote, who are empowered to hold a court of attachment every forty days; also a court of swainmote thrice a year, and a court called "the justice-seat" once in three years. The steward presides at the miners' court, and is assisted by a jury of miners, who judge upon the particular laws and customs by which they are governed, to prevent encroachments upon each other in the coal and iron works. These courts are held in the Speech House, in the centre of the forest, the general aspect of which is picturesque in the extreme, being beautifully diversified with hill and valley, interspersed with the rich and varied foliage of the woods. Pursuant to an Act of

George III., new roads and drives were opened in several directions through the forest.

Return we to the pack; and to show an additional instance of the instinct of dogs, we give the following authenticated fact, which occurred last hunting season :—A four-year-old hound, Stormer, belonging to Lord Fitzhardinge, was lost at High Meadow, near Monmouth, near the Forest of Dean, and every attempt to recover him proved ineffectual. At the end of a week, upon inquiry, it was ascertained that a foxhound had been seen to approach very near to the passage boat, and as an attempt was made to capture him, he started off and escaped his pursuers. Baffled then in his attempt to be ferried over the Severn (at high-water a mile and a half in breadth, at low a third of that distance), he boldly faced it, swam across, and reached the kennel safe and sound, much to the delight of his master, who feared that in so wild a district, and among so large and mixed a population, this favourite brother to Susan and Sylvia would not be recovered.

My thoughts were now turned to horse-dealing, as a friend of mine, who had met with a severe

accident in the hunting-field last season, was in search of "an elderly gentleman's cob," to enable him at least to have a look at his harriers and the foxhounds in his neighbourhood, should he be unable to go, as formerly, in the first flight; so, understanding that Mr. Skipp, a most respectable dealer, of Alston House, near Ross, had a very clever hunter for sale, he and I proceeded to that celebrated town (by rail through Gloucester), and, upon reaching the station, found the animal in waiting. To mount, lead him over a gate, and then charge a stiff post and rail, was the work of a few minutes, and the hunter was pronounced faultless for an old one. Had he been seven or eight, a deal would have been made; but as we were looking out for a younger one, his age (allowed to be ten) was a drawback. To those, however, who require a quiet, steady animal, up to weight, and a first-rate fencer, we strongly advise a visit to Alston House, where, in addition to the above, should he not be sold, there are some very clever horses, at prices which are forty per cent. cheaper than those of the fashionable country and London dealers. As we were obliged to pass three hours in Ross, we lost no time in

lionizing the town. As a matter of course, our first visit, through the courtesy of Messrs. Cary, Cocks, and Roper, was to the house and monument of the benevolent John Kyrle, Pope's "Man of Ross," who died in 1724, aged 88, after a long and useful life. On referring to a very well-written guide-book, we found that this town is supposed to have been founded from the ruins of the Roman Ariconium, which stood at a short distance. It was made a free borough by Henry III., and in the 33rd year of the reign of Edward I. returned members to Parliament; but this privilege was relinquished, on the petition of the inhabitants the following year, and has never been resumed. Henry IV. passed a night here on his way to Monmouth to see his Queen, at the time his son and successor was born; and the unfortunate Charles I. slept here, in 1645, on his way from Raglan Castle. The town is situated on an eminence, at the foot of which runs the river Wye, in a meandering course, through a richly-cultivated country. Picturesque as is the scenery on its banks, we cannot quite endorse the statement "that there is no river in England at all comparable with it," or "that, notwithstanding

the superiority of some of them in point of size, there is not a single river on the Continent of Europe that can boast such scenes of grandeur, gracefulness, and pastoral beauty." As, however, tourists, like doctors, differ, we may be wrong, and will, therefore, lay before our readers a description of it from a local authority:—"Its romantic loveliness—whether where it glides majestically along the rich plains of Herefordshire, through orchards, meadows, corn fields, and villages, or deep in its channel, runs between lofty rocks clothed with hanging woods, and crowned, at intervals, with antique ruins of castellated and monastic edifices, yielding a panoramic succession of exquisite landscapes—has furnished many subjects for the poet and the painter, and cannot fail to charm every lover of nature."

Here we will take leave to drop the poet and "cut the painter," while we, in sober earnestness, record our impression that, in point of scenery and beauty, Ross and Richmond Hill on Thames are very much on a par; and to those who require pure country air, quiet, with sufficient objects worth seeing in the neighbourhood to prevent monotony—and attainable by rail, road, or

river—good fishing, and excellent accommodation, we strongly recommend the "Royal Hotel," at Ross, which, like the "Star and Garter" at that town famed for "maids of honour," "lasses," and "punts," is beautifully situated on the highest ground, and the interior of which is replete with comfort and luxury. Before taking leave of this Herefordshire "gem," we must quote the lines of one who, according to Dr. Warton, "was invariably and solely a poet from the beginning of his life to the end, and who in sickness and health was devoted, with unremitting diligence, to cultivate that one art in which he had determined to excel, and in which he did excel;" but who, despite his wit and talents, being truly one of the *genus irritabile*, added little to the dignity of the literary character by his petty revenge, acrimony, and peevishness, and who, according to the lexicographer Johnson, was so purse-proud that "in his letters and in his poems, his gardens and his grotto, his quincunx (which, on referring to the dictionary, we discover to mean a form of plantation) and his vines, some hints of his opulence are always to be found. The great topic of his ridicule is poverty." To return to the lines:—

"Rise, honest Muse, and sing the Man of Ross;
Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns toss'd,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless pouring through the plain,
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain."

On the 3rd of September, 1860, the corn not being sufficiently cut to enable us to go out shooting, we had a day's cub-hunting at Westridge, within a short distance of North Nibley, a spot of peculiar interest to the admirers of romance connected with the aristocracy: the right to the manor was litigated between the families of Lords Berkeley and Lisle for nearly two centuries, during which William, Lord Berkeley, and Thomas, Lord Lisle, had recourse to arms to establish their claim; and on May 20th, 1470, both parties met on Nibley Green with their respective followers, amounting to nearly a thousand men, of whom a hundred and fifty fell in the combat, and amongst them Lord Lisle, who was shot in the mouth with an arrow, and whose death put an end to the contest. Owing to the modern march of improvement, a great portion of this once-

celebrated scene of bloodshed is now built upon and cultivated, and fields of waving corn, gardens of floral beauty, snug homesteads, and rural cottages—emblems of peace and plenty—thrive where once rank grass, weeds, and wild flowers grew. No longer is Nibley Green the arena for deadly conflict; the trumpet of war has ceased to sound, the noise of gathering soldiers "in arms and eager for the fray" has ceased, and the only sounds that greet the traveller or wayfarer are the bleating of sheep, the lowing of oxen, and the ploughboy's whistle. Our sport was excellent, having killed three cubs during the morning. Harry Ayres—than whom a better huntsman does not exist—his son Harry, "a chip of the old block," and Edwards, the two whippers-in, acquitted themselves admirably; and the packs showed the highest breeding, both as to nose and speed.

Upon the following Monday we visited the kennel, a description of which, and of the hounds, we shall defer until a future period, confining ourselves, upon the present occasion, to an account of the hunting-stables and stud. The former are large, and admirably ventilated, and contain as

fine a lot of hunters as we ever saw. Among those kept for Lord Fitzhardinge's riding are Sam, a splendid grey gelding of perfect symmetry, up to any weight, and a first-rate brook and timber jumper, who, although in his seventeenth year, looks as fresh as a four-year-old. The noble owner of Berkeley Castle bought him from his son-in-law, Lord Gifford, than whom a better judge of horse-flesh, or a more thorough-bred sportsman, does not exist. His lordship had previously refused 500 gs. for him. Next we have Lily, a chestnut mare, as good a hunter as ever went across the country; Driffield, a chestnut gelding, who is *nulli secundus;* as those who have seen the Admiral pilot him across the Vale can vouch for. There are also two chestnut geldings, Inkermann and Jemmy, who know their work thoroughly; and a remarkably well-shaped brown gelding called Snip, who, from his looks, would, we think, "cut" down many a rival. Those kept for Colonel Berkeley, the worthy scion of an excellent sire, are a ch. g., Citizen; a br. g., Sir Harry, purchased from the gallant Harry Keppel; a gr. mare, Amazon; a black g.,

Charcoal; a bay m., Amourette; Mary Anne, a brown mare; and a very wonderful chestnut gelding, called The Pope. In the huntsman and whippers-in stable we saw a grey gelding, Royal Hart; a brown gelding, Confectioner; a chestnut gelding, Galen; a brown gelding, Prior; and black gelding, Sepoy; Plunder; a chestnut gelding, Chesterfield; a brown gelding, Grimstone; a bay gelding, two brown mares, Miss Macready and The Witch; a bay gelding, Governor; a brown gelding, Crawford; a bay gelding, Woodman; and a chestnut mare, Miss Howell. Among the best hacks are a brown mare, Purity; a chestnut gelding, Kohinor; a black mare, Nanny; and a bay gelding, Patch. In the loose boxes are a bay mare, rising four, called Lady Mayoress, by Sir Peter Laurie, dam Milkmaid; and a bay gelding, The Alderman, same age, by Sir Peter Laurie, out of a grey mare who has now a filly foaled last April, by Elvaston, and who is as perfect an animal as we ever saw. Three ponies — Gunpowder, Forester, and Bloomer (the latter a picture)—are as "neat as paint;" while El-

vaston, formerly the property of Lord Derby, by Ithuriel, out of Sophistry by Voltaire, her dam Wagtail by Whisker, grandam by Sorcerer, who combines blood and strength, and who is kept for the stud, is daily rising in public estimation, from the valuable stock he has already got. The coach-horses include Schoolboy, Surveyor, Lieutenant Perry, Lord William (bought by the late Earl Fitzhardinge from Toynbee, for a hunter, to carry his lordship), Richmond, Honesty, and Hester Major.

From Gloucestershire we proceeded to Worcestershire, to pay a long-promised visit to an old and valued friend at Severn Stoke Rectory, and were fortunate enough to arrive there the day before the annual cricket match between Lord Coventry's Eleven and the Tewkesbury Eleven. Tewkesbury *mustered* strong (we have unwittingly perpetrated a pun, that city being immortalised by Shakespeare for its mustard), and fielded extremely well. The batting, however, of the Severn Stoke men produced a large score, and ended in their victory. Lord Coventry's bowling was extremely good, and he caught out three of his opponents. Had a prize been given (as is done in the musical

world) for the best "catch," the noble owner of Croome would have carried it off. In the evening the two Elevens dined at the "Boar's Head," Severn Stoke—one of the snuggest and best regulated hostelries in all England; and upon this occasion the liberal and public-spirited landlord and landlady, Mr. and Mrs. Jelfs, did their best to promote the comfort of their guests. During the following week the Worcester Musical Festival took place, it being the one hundred and thirty-seventh meeting of the three choirs, Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the clergymen of the three dioceses. The vocalists engaged were—Madame Clara Novello, who sang, if possible, more beautifully than ever; nothing could exceed the manner in which she gave "Pious Orgies," "From Mighty Kings," and "I know that my Redeemer liveth." There was but one feeling of regret, which was experienced by all present, both in the cathedral and the concert-room, and that arose from the knowledge that it was the last appearance of this highly-gifted lady in Worcester. The next in rotation, according to the official programme, were Mesdames Rudersdorff and

Weiss, who charmed all by the brilliancy of their talents; Mademoiselle Parepa, a most valuable acquisition; Madame Sainton Dolby, the long-tried and acknowledged favourite of the public; and a very promising young lady, Miss M. Wells, who possesses a contralto voice of great sweetness and power, and who gave the music allotted to her with a dramatic expression that left nothing to desire. The tenors included the finest male English singers of this or any other day—Sims Reeves; Messrs. R. Mason and Montem Smith, both of whom supported their well-earned reputation; Messrs Weiss and W. T. Briggs, who sang, as they ever do, classically and magnificently; and last, not least, Signor Belletti, whose pure pronunciation and emphasis in sacred music are worthy his splendid voice and operatic powers. Mr. Amott, as organist, left nothing to be wished for; Mr. G. Townsend Smith was equally efficient at the pianoforte. Mr. Goodwin, the librarian, was attentive and zealous as usual; and Mr. Done proved himself to be a most admirable conductor. The band consisted of the first talent in the land: Blagrove, Sainton, Wilby, Lucas, Collins, Howell, Severs, Pratten, Williams, Waetzig, Anderson,

Harper, Standell, Catchpole, Webster, Healy, Chipp, Godwin, and Trust.

Space prevents our naming the violinists, who, by their talents and attention, added greatly to the success of the meeting. The stewards were indefatigable in their exertions to promote the comfort of the visitors. The ladies who held their plates were as persevering as the fair sex ever should be in the cause of charity; and the greatest praise is due to the Rev. R. Sarjeant, honorary secretary, for his courtesy in replying to the numerous applications for seats, his equity in selecting them according to priority of demand, and for his unwearied zeal and courtesy to everyone who attended or was connected with the festival.

On the first morning the Mayor of Worcester and Mrs. Haigh inaugurated the meeting by a magnificent breakfast, to which nearly four hundred people sat down. It was one of the best public entertainments we ever attended. The concert on the first evening went off extremely well. Among the gems were, "Che faro," by Madame Dolby; "The Shadow Song," by Parepa; "The May Queen," exquisitely sung by Clara

Novello, Weiss, and Sims Reeves; and the fantasia, "Marie Stuart," by Pratten, on his new perfected flute.

We did not attend a second performance at the College Hall, in consequence of the great discomfort we were put to on the first, owing to the thorough draught of air that rushed through the building, in consequence of all the windows being left open on a cold foggy night—a failing which we trust the directors will remedy on a future occasion, for the effects were felt by all, especially the gentler sex.

In conclusion, although Bishop's works were excluded, we could have tolerated "Blow gentle gales" or "Soft zephyrs in thy balmy wing," but we were not prepared for "The winds whistle cold;" and painfully could we have joined in the chorus of all around us, who were fellow-sufferers from the baneful draught, of "Cease, rude Boreas." With this slight drawback, the meeting was eminently successful, and will prove as profitable to the charity as it was delightful to the hearers. The dean kept open house at the palace during the festival, and by hospitality and courtesy contributed greatly to the success of the

meeting. In the cathedral, where his voice was potential, the reverend gentleman showed his discrimination by calling upon Madame Clara Novello to repeat "Pious Orgies" and "I know that my Redeemer liveth"—airs which drew forth tears from many a fair listener. A similar compliment was paid to Mr. Sims Reeves in "Sound an alarm," who, from extreme fatigue and indisposition, was unable to comply with the flattering request.

In the above instances we frankly admit that the compliment was a just one, especially to Madame Clara Novello, who appeared in the cathedral for the last time, and to Mr. Sims Reeves, for the splendid manner in which he sang the exciting appeal to arms; but, upon a general principle, we object to encores in a sacred building: first, because they impede the order of words and music, which ought to flow on unruffled and undisturbed; and, secondly, because the power of selection is confined to one individual, instead of the majority of the hearers. We need scarcely add, that these remarks do not apply to the late Worcester meeting; they are founded upon a universal basis, and the avoidance of encores would,

if carried out, save a pang to many talented singers who may not be fortunate enough to have the most popular, yet equally difficult, music allotted to them; and would, moreover, give a more solemn tone to the oratorio, by preventing the interruption caused by a demand for a repetition.

Before we conclude we cannot refrain from referring to a new valuable invention—Burrow's Malvern landscape-glass, for tourists, deer-stalkers, yachtsmen, or officers of the army. It gives a wide field with perfect clearness of definition, even on a hazy day; and having a low magnifying power, does not fatigue the eyes. The Malvern rifle-glass, adapted more especially for riflemen and those who stalk deer in the Highlands, gives a small field with great magnifying power—so much so that, at a distance of six hundred yards, a bullet-mark on a target may be easily perceived. The best evidence of the superiority of the above glasses may be found in the testimonials that have been given to them, and, among a long list—including those of the Hon. Frederick Lygon, the Rev. G. Fisk, LL.B.;

from a nobleman, than whom a more honourable man or gallant soldier does not exist — Earl Beauchamp; the letter runs as follows:—

"DEAR SIRS,—As respects your landscape-glasses, I am well pleased with the pair I purchased; the sight is clear, and they are equally serviceable in the day-time, and as opera-glasses.

"I am yours,

(Signed) "BEAUCHAMP.

"Messrs. W. & J. Burrow,
Belle Vue Place, Great Malvern."

We ought to add, that the price for a double glass, in a sling leather case, is three guineas and a-half.

To the above we beg to add our own testimony, and to say that we gave the glasses a most severe trial, out of which they came triumphantly. We used them in the Cathedral and in the College Hall, and they brought all the musicians, and even the small royal arms on the organ, at the extreme end of the orchestra, most vividly before us. Placed as we were, at the extremity of the

summit of Westridge Hill, saw the shipping in the Severn as clearly as possible—much more clearly with this two-inch glass than we could have done with an old-fashioned telescope of three feet in length.

To resume. *Ennui*, or "blue devils," need never take possession of the sportsman during the month of November; for he may enjoy hunting, coursing, deer-stalking, steeple-chasing, pheasant, woodcock, partridge, wild-duck, snipe, hare, and rabbit shooting. For a man who can ride well to hounds, and who can afford to buy or hire a good stud of hunters, there is no county like Leicestershire; and Melton may be looked upon as the *beau-ideal* of a sportsman's paradise. There are few sights in the wide world that can come up to the hunting-stables in this celebrated place; and when, in addition to a lounge to the above during a frost or after a blank day, we add that the "meets" of the Quorn and Cottesmore are within distance, that the society both of the lords (and ladies) of the creation is perfect, and the hospitality unbounded, what more can be said in favour of a town that for years has been identified with the glories of the chase?

To those who wish to unite balls, concerts, theatricals, and tea-parties with the "noble science," we should recommend Leamington or Cheltenham; for at both Spas the former will be had to the highest degree of excellence, while the hunting, especially in Warwickshire, will, or ought, to satisfy any sportsman.

By the death of Earl Fitzhardinge, the Gloucestershire Spa was deprived of a munificent patron, for, in addition to his lordship's fox-hounds, who hunted alternate months during the winter season, a subscription pack of staghounds were kept; but the loss has in a great measure been repaired by the spirited and successful exertions of Mr. Cregoe Colmore, who has shewn very great sport, and has deservedly become a most popular master of hounds. We had the good fortune to meet them four seasons ago, at Sudely Castle, which, like the famed abbey of the poet—

> "Ricca e bella, non men religiosa
> E cortese a chiunque vi venia."

And certainly a more brilliant sight we never witnessed: the ancient building and chapel, the burial-place of Catherine Parr, with their histori-

cal associations; the galaxy of beauty assembled in the courtyard; the hearty good old English welcome of the host and hostess; the presence of many fair followers of Diana—

> "Pars ego nympharum quæ sunt in Achaide, dixit,
> Una fui nec me studiosius altera saltus;
> Legit, nec posuit studiosus altera casses."

the well-mounted establishment; the condition of the pack; the courtesy of the master—all united to give a splendid scene of England in the present day, blended with the hospitality of olden times.

To those whose vocations or tastes compel them to remain in the "sooty" metropolis during the winter, much sport may be had from the Modern Babylon. Slough, which is reached in half an hour, takes you within reach of the Queen's hounds; Tring, which is arrived at by the Birmingham rail in an hour, is within five miles of Mentmore, and is the very centre of Baron Rothschild's "Hebrew Melodists," and the Oakley country; Northampton is handy for the meets of the Pytchley; Leamington for those of the Warwickshire; and Brighton for a gallop on the Downs: in short, a man may breakfast in London,

hunt in Berkshire, Buckinghamshire, Bedfordshire, Hertfordshire, Northamptonshire, Surrey, Sussex, or Warwickshire, be back again for an eight o'clock dinner at the Clarendon Hotel, the Wellington, White's, or Boodle's, and be in time for the last piece at the Haymarket or Adelphi. We well remember that those who hunted, five-and-thirty years ago, with the Royal Staghounds or the Surrey, were obliged to send on a hunter overnight, and to post down the following morning, to be in time to see the deer uncarted; when, if the antlered monarch of the wood happened to run ten or fifteen miles from the *rendezvous de chasse*, the sportsman found himself nearly forty miles from home, on a tired horse, and his pair-horse chaise at too great a distance to avail himself of, for his return. The expense of horse and groom, turnpikes, posting, and other incidental expenses, left very little change out of a five-pound note.

In November, the lover of the "leash" may attend the Market Weighton, Malton, Hornby, Catterick, and Bainesse "gatherings," in Yorkshire; the Ridgway and Altcar Clubs, in Lancashire; the Ingestre Park, Coquetdale, Longford,

Marham, Bettisfield, in Staffordshire, Northumberland, Derbyshire, Norfolk, and Flintshire; and nearer London, Southminster in Essex, Cardington in Bedfordshire, Ashdown Park in Berkshire, Newmarket in Cambridgeshire, and Hampton Court in Middlesex—where he will see, as Shakspeare writes, "the greyhounds swift as breathed stags, ay! fleeter than the roe," and ponder over the wonders of nature, which enables a hare to escape from its canine pursuer; for, strange as it may appear, while all the ingenuity of man has been exercised in bringing the breed to the greatest perfection, so as to acquire speed, courage, and resolution, the timid animal described by Martial "Inter quadrupedes, gloria prima lepus," continues to beat the greyhound single-handed. To those who have forests, or friends in the Highlands of Scotland, deer-stalking will be found one of the most exciting amusements mortal man can indulge in; and nowhere can it be found to greater perfection than in the forests of Athol, Mar, Ben Ormin, Gaulock, Glenfiddick, and Corrichbah. No one can expect to see good sport who does not possess caution and patience. To these must be

added a first-rate rifle from one of the best London gunmakers, an intelligent forester, a well-stocked tract of land, and a couple of Grampian deer-hounds, such as those described by the great "Magician of the North":—

> "Remember'st thou my greyhound true?
> O'er holt and hill there never flew,
> From leash or slip there never sprang,
> More fleet of foot or sure of fang."

To get thoroughly acquainted with the propensities and instinct of the red-deer requires a long apprenticeship; but a few hints from a talented writer in the *Inverness Courier* may be acceptable:—

"These animals are uncommonly acute, and seem to employ the whole of their sagacity in inventing and adopting plans of self-preservation. Wherever a red-deer is found, if his seat be carefully examined, it will appear that it possesses a more commanding view than any other part of the surrounding scenery. If a deer travels in snow to his form, he gazes at and watches his own track with the greatest anxiety. If the wind blows from the direction of his pursuers, he will smell them at several miles' distance. If any of them are in a state of perspiration—not an unlikely

event in a hot day in September—he will detect them much further. It must have been frequently observed that almost every herd carries a young one along with it. The young one is the sentinel. He is placed on an eminence to watch, while the others browse beneath; and if he attempts to quit his post, the stags pursue and butt him with their horns until he resumes his station. When the leading stag is perplexed with baffling winds, he works up the herd to a pitch of terror in a peculiar manner. He leaps from his form as if in extreme fright, scampers off, but soon returns, followed by the others. After a little, when no danger is apparent, they begin to browse, and the stag suddenly repeats his *ruse*. In this manner he convinces the others that some danger threatens, and they all become watchful as so many lynxes. They also adopt this system in instructing their young. There is a perpendicular rock above the village Shieldaig, on the summit of which a stag selected his form. He lay with his flank towards the precipice, and commanded a view of the surrounding country, and did not seem in the

the gamekeeper entered the ground, he bounded away directly."

Steeple-chases commence in November; and although we own that, generally speaking, we take no great delight in such break-neck amusements, there are exceptions to this as to every rule. The original object of this sport was to test the merits of hunters across a fair hunting country, by calling upon them to make the best of their way from a given place to some conspicuous point, such as a church steeple.

This spirit of emulation, when owners or unprofessional jockeys rode, was rather to be approved of than condemned; but when the affair became a gambling one—when horses, that had never been in at the death of a fox, and had merely shown at the cover-side a few times, for the purpose of getting a qualification—when paid riders were put up, and artificial fences, strong stone walls, and yawning ditches, formed part of the course—then the whole aspect was changed, and the trial of skill between hunters degenerated into a dangerous speculative race. Happily for riders and steeds, some of the best

sufficient quantity of fences, hurdles, and brooks to diversify the sport of a flat race. In the absence of heavy, wet land, or severe ridge and furrow, the animals seldom if ever get so dead beat as to flounder in the water, or break their backs at a fence. Away they go, at a Leicestershire hunting pace, clearing the impediments at a bound, rendering the finish a work of skill, in which, to prove successful, judgment, patience, and a thorough knowledge of pace are requisite ingredients. What, for instance, could be a more beautiful, sportsman-like sight than the steeple-chases on Pitchcroft—a spot that reminds one of the arena where the sons of Niobe were wont to ride horses and exercise themselves—

> " Planus erat latèque patens propè mœnia campus,
> Assiduis pulsatus equis; ubi turba rotarum
> Duraque molliêrant subjectas ungula glebas?"

—during the last Worcester autumnal meeting, when a splendid field of horses, in first-rate condition, mounted by men whose lives had been devoted to hunting, appeared at the post; and, so well did they keep together for the first mile, that when they charged the fence, with a brook on the other side, every one of the above were in the air

together. That some "tailing" towards the end should have taken place is not to be wondered at, bearing in mind the old saying, that "'tis the pace that kills;" but such would have happened after a scurry of five-and-twenty minutes in the hunting-field. When steeple-chases are thus conducted, almost all the objectionable part vanishes.

We now proceed to lay before our readers a few remarks upon a small specimen of the equine race, which are the solace and the delight of our declining years—the old gentleman's quiet cob, and the pony.

An old gentleman's quiet cob is as difficult to get as any species of animal; for to ride pleasantly, it is necessary to have strength, action, and temper combined. He ought to go through his paces very much after the fashion suggested by a popular riding-master of a cavalry regiment, now no more. We give his phraseology, as being more expressive than any we can command. "Now, men," said he, in a stentorian voice, "let me see the paces done in a distinct manner; walk steady and *h*easy; trot strong and *h*active; canter light and *h*airy; charge *h*animated, *w*igorous, but not *w*iolent." Those who are not disposed

to give a "fancy" sum for such an animal, we should advise to commission a friend in the country to purchase a clever sound animal, unbroke, leaving his education to be pursued in London. Some years ago, our sporting readers may remember a race-horse belonging to that most estimable baronet, Sir Richard Bulkeley Williams, which bore the rather eccentric name of the "Bishop of Romford's Cob," the origin of which was, we believe, as follows:—Some respectable middle-aged gentleman, with weak nerves, but large means, inquired of a London horse-dealer whether he knew a nag that would suit him, money being no object? "Let me see," said the dealer, musing, "the bay is a little too skittish, the grey mare not quite up to your weight, the black rather leggy—oh! I have it! Jem, bring out the Bishop of Romford's Cob; he's just the animal, quiet as a lamb, handsome as paint, splendid action—only a leetle too playful for his lordship." The cob was bought by one of the *Green* family, who was ashamed to own his ignorance of episcopal sees, and fancying Romford deserved a Bishop as well as Rochester, was caught by the high-sounding title. When the

story got up it was too good to be lost, and was, therefore, perpetuated as we have above stated.

We now turn to ponies, of which there are some excellent breeds in the United Kingdom; and among the best may be named those that come from the Welsh, the Dartmoor, and the New Forests. Independent of the above, there is annually a large importation of a beautiful race from the islands of Zetland. The Shelties, as they are called, are at once docile, strong, and finely formed, furnishing as fine a specimen of miniature equidæ as can possibly be imagined. Their heads are small, their necks and throats in due proportion, their forms firm, their legs fine, and their feet round and neat. They are capable of much endurance; and, although they scarcely exceed nine or ten hands high, are up to the greatest weight. To convert an ordinary pony into a shooting pony requires much care and attention; and so scarce is a first-rate one, that the highest price will be given for it—often as much as a hundred and fifty pounds. Half the animals that are advertised in the newspapers are not thoroughly broken, and will move, start, or shy as the "gunner" takes his aim, thus rendering any

attempt to bag a bird perfectly futile. A perfect shooting pony should stand as still as Munchausen's frozen pointer did, and never move a muscle until called upon to do so by his rider; the rein, which ought to be long, should be thrown over his neck, with a noose at the end to affix it to the saddle; and while the sportsman is raising his gun, taking his aim, and firing, the animal should remain as motionless as the celebrated girtless horse at Charing Cross, who points towards the spot of his master's martyrdom. Many keepers fancy a pony is thoroughly broken when they can fire off his back with tolerable steadiness; and as they usually keep them low in food, they become, to a certain degree, tractable; but fill them with plenty of corn and beans, and a different result will follow. The quiet pony will neigh, prance, kick, and gambol about, in a manner well suited to a circus, but not at all adapted for an elderly gentleman who wishes to take a collected shot. The best trained ponies we have ever met with, during a somewhat long experience, received their education from the keepers in the royal park at Richmond, who, being accustomed to kill deer from their backs, and carry the bucks home across their shoulders, ren-

dered them perfectly quiet. Before a pony is passed, he ought to go through a pyrotechnic examination—a gun should be fired off between his ears, across his loins, and from every other position; he then should have some squibs, crackers, and rockets ignited close to him; and if under this heavy and uncertain display of fireworks the animal remains passive, there is every reason to suppose he will turn out well; but even during these operations it will be necessary to keep him well fed, so that no change of food may cause him to forget his duty, and, as the dealers call it, "kick over the traces."

From horses we naturally turn to dogs, who are characterized by unwearied perseverance, unflinching courage, unchanging faithfulness, affectionate and discriminating attachment, in their relation to mankind. Among the animals who, through the aid of human art and reason, have become subservient to the use and the amusement of man, the dog stands conspicuously forth as a laborious and intelligent servant; yet, although education and domestication have done much, without the natural and almost miraculous instinct attached to this race, man's labour would have been in vain. That

the qualities induced by instruction become more intimately interwoven with the character of the animal by successive transmission from parent to offspring, must be apparent to all who have deeply studied the subject; and a most acute, sensible, and accurate canine observer thus records his opinion:—

"Very different propensities are found in the various breeds of domestic dogs, and they are always such as are particularly suited to the purposes to which each of these breeds has long been and is still applied. The performances of the shepherd's dog, which would seem to be the result of little less than human intelligence, are much too artificial and too much in opposition to the nature of the animal to be attributed to instinct; and yet the young dogs of this breed appear to have a propensity to the performance of these services, or, as the shepherds say, a thorough-bred one will take to them naturally. I do not believe that the same things could be taught to dogs of other breeds."

After adducing instances of similar propensities in the hound, the pointer, and other races, the writer thus proceeds:—

"No one can suppose that nature has given to these several varieties of the same species such very different instinctive propensities, and that each of these breeds should possess those which are best suited for the uses to which they are respectively applied. It seems more probable that these breeds, having been long treated as they now are, and applied to the same uses, should have acquired habits by experience and instruction, which in course of time have become hereditary. From these and many other observations, I am led to conclude that by far the greater part of the propensities that are generally supposed to be instinctive are not implanted in animals by nature, but that they are the result of long experience, acquired and accumulated through many generations, so as in the course of time to assume the character of instinct."

We have already treated of pointers, setters, spaniels, and retrievers, and therefore, upon the present occasion, we shall confine ourselves to warning those in search of good dogs not to be carried away by swindling advertisements in the newspapers, for, if they are, they may, for aught we know, find some fine-nosed, staunch

animal, recommended as the Dean of Hounslow's pointer, in contradistinction to the clerical "cob" already alluded to. The best plan, and the cheapest in the long run, is to apply to some respectable gamekeeper, or to attend Tattersall's, and, by offering a fair and liberal price, you will ensure dogs of each class that will do their work well, and not mar your own and your friends' sport by putting up coveys, breaking loose, running riot, hunting hares, and mangling wounded birds.

Proceed we to a notice of the English foxhound, which is unquestionably superior to that of any other country, in every point that respects character and structure; his nose being finer, his speed greater, his perseverance more lasting, and his temper more placable. A good foxhound should possess the following requisites:—Legs straight as arrows, feet round, and not too large, shoulders well set back, breast rather wide than narrow, chest deep, back broad, head small, neck thin, tail thick and bushy, and well carried. The average height of the most approved breed is from twenty to twenty-two inches. In some experiments made as to the swiftness of hounds, it

was ascertained that Merlin, a celebrated fox-hound, belonging to Colonel Thornton, performed four miles in seven minutes, a feat which, we have every reason to believe, could be exceeded in the present day of killing paces.

The harrier is a cross between the large slow-hunting harrier and the little fox-beagle, and is usually from sixteen to eighteen inches in height. In some countries where the heaths are wild, and the hares particularly large and strong, dwarf foxhounds are drafted into the pack. It is some few years since we have hunted with what is irreverently called a "currant-jelly pack," and yet our taste for it is undiminished. Of course it bears no more comparison to fox-hunting than Thames angling does to a day's fly-fishing on the Spey, or sparrow to woodcock shooting. Still, as an agreeable way of passing a few hours in a non-fox-hunting country, it is not to be despised. It is only a few weeks ago that we were on a visit to a highly esteemed friend in Sussex, than whom a better rider or sportsman never existed, and were quite delighted with his pack of harriers. They have evidently been selected with care, are well hunted, and contribute greatly

to the amusement of the farmers and others residing within the neighbourhood of Chichester. The gallant master, the Honourable Augustus Berkeley, is well mounted, and, despite the crushing fall he unfortunately met with, rides well to his hounds. His chestnut horse, Redwood, purchased from Mr. Chapman, of Cheltenham, is too good for the hilly country. A better goer or finer fencer was never seen; and a brown mare, bought of a Hampshire baronet, is equally clever. Mr. Cheeseman, who takes part in the keep and hunting of the hounds, is a good sportsman, and is never without a smartish horse. The establishment of a pack of harriers in this hilly part of the county, is a great boon to the inhabitants, and we wish the old Meltonian every success in his public-spirited undertaking.

Among the carnivorous animals that now exist in Great Britain, the fox is the only one that is strictly preserved, and despite his mighty depredations, which often end in the total depopulation of a whole poultry-yard, and the havoc he makes among the pheasants, partridges, and rabbits, no one with any pretension to respectability would be guilty of that greatest of crimes in the eyes of

country gentlemen, vulpecide. It is true that there are some exceptions to the rule, and that black sheep are to be found in every flock. We have been led to make the above remark, because a complaint reached us last winter, that a gentleman, holding a high position in society, was strongly suspected of having destroyed several litters of cubs. We hope we were misinformed, and in reply to our friend's statement forwarded him a copy of verses, which we knocked off some years ago, when a county member of Parliament was strongly suspected of the crime. We make no alteration—the lines are applicable to all—and if they fall into the hands of the supposed guilty party, may act as a warning. If the cap fits, let him wear it:—

THE VULPECIDE.

AIR.—"The Old English Gentleman."

I'll sing you a new song, that was made by a bald pate,
About a modern vulpecide, who has a large estate,
Who, though he is a senator, is ne'er heard of in debate,
And who traps the vulpine race at a very awful rate,

Un-like an English fox-hunter,
All of the olden time.

With an old hall hung about with pikes, guns, and matchlocks,
With hidden traps, which much I grieve, have caught full many a fox;
And a brush or two, not fairly won, after a gallant chase,
But cut from the trapped animal—oh, what a sad disgrace!
For an English gentleman
Of this or olden time.

When winter old, brings frost and cold, he sets his murderous traps;
And when a blank day does occur, he speaks of 'sad mishaps,'
Of gipsies, trampers, vagabonds, who through the coverts roam
To carry on a lawless trade. Why don't he look at home?
To this un-English vulpecide,
Not of the olden time.

He slyly hints that game-keepers, oft 'on a shiny night,'
Have killed at least a dozen cubs, all out of bitter spite;
And vows, if once he caught the rogues, he'd make the rascals pay—
I rather think that one, at least, he meets with every day;
And that's this hateful vulpecide,
All of the present day.

Shooting is at its height; as Thomson writes:—

"The gun,
Glanced just, and sudden from the fowler's eye,
O'ertakes their sounding pinions; and again,

Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,
Dead to the ground; or drives them wide dispersed,
Wounded, and wheeling various down the wind."

Few, however, have, during the last shooting season, experienced the pleasure described by the poet of nature. Grouse were scarce, partridges not plentiful, pheasants scarcely to be met with, and hares, in many places, dying of disease. Indeed, a large proportion of land-owners wisely gave their game a year of jubilee, in the hopes that, by so doing, the breed may be improved next year. As we were deprived of a great portion of our October shooting, we, although rather late in the year, availed ourselves of a friend's offer to take a Thames cruise with him; so ordering an extra warm pea-jacket, and a waterproof suit, we left Greenwich, just as the last whitebait were taking their departure, and the "Trafalgar" and "Ship" were beginning to feel the termination of the London season.

We pass over our trips to and from the Nore, Chatham, Gravesend, Erith, Southend, and bring our readers to the morning when, after a stormy and wet sail, we ran alongside the pier at Margate.

There are few spots in the wide universe that look more dull, wretched, and dreary than a fashionable watering-place during the months of October and November; we except Brighton, as there is scarcely a day in the year when that town, which was raised from a small fishing village to its present magnificence by the Aladdin-like wand of the Prince Regent, afterwards George the Fourth, is not full of life and gaiety.

The truth of the above remark was realized in the expedition we made to Margate and Ramsgate towards the middle of October; for, although in a well-found yacht, we could not, with Bailie Nichol Jarvie, complain that we were unable "to carry the comforts of the Sautmarket with us:" still the desolation that presented itself in the above-mentioned *locales*, the summer Paradises of Londoners, was truly appalling. In vain we looked for the joyous life, the rollicking fun, the wild excitement, the noisy bustle, that once characterized these favoured temples of Hygeia. "Where are they gone?" we inwardly asked—echo answered "Gone." How vividly do we recollect our first visit to Margate, during the summer of 1857! The pier was crowded with

gaily-dressed ladies, accompanied by their cigar-smoking cavaliers; the jetty was nearly blocked up with elderly gentlemen and antiquated dames in Bath-chairs; nursery-maids with their numerous charges of young Willies, Tommies, Sammies, Jacks, Julias, Susans, Matildas, and Harriet Emmas; porters conveying baggage to and from the steamboats, showing little or no respect to the pedestrians; "would be" yachtsmen with duck trowsers, blue jackets, fancy boating shirts, glazed hats, and long telescopes, discoursing of jib-booms, close-reefed topsails, balloon sails, and spankers, and who, probably, if put to the test, would answer in the way the cockney sailor once did, when, upon being asked by the captain "if he would like to take the helm?" responded, "I never take anything between breakfast and lunch;" young ladies dressed in the extreme of fashion, with attendant beaux, more exaggerated in their costume than their fair companions; middle-aged females "got up" in the most juvenile manner, with knowing hats, short petticoats, and those fawn-coloured boots so peculiar to the visitors to the Isle of Thanet; ragged urchins offering their services as carriers of carpet-bags

and cloaks; boatmen recommending a sail round the forsaken hull of the "Northern Belle," as if the wreck of an ill-fated ship would furnish agreeable reflections on a pleasure trip; the town band playing all the popular operatic airs to the delighted multitude — and all multitudes are delighted with music, especially when they can have it for nothing. To illustrate this, how often have we watched the listeners, and proved our assertion! It was only last August, at Brighton, that there was a small itinerant band of instrumentalists and vocalists, who commenced playing opposite Bacon's excellent hotel, the good "Old Ship," and proceeded by short stages towards the aristocratic precincts of Brunswick Square and Terrace. Having on the onset "paid our footing," we were enabled to attend to others; and unquestionably the majority, who *seemed* to have souls for music, so long as no voluntary levy was made upon them, invariably touched their companions when the tambourine was handed round for contributions, exclaiming (and in so doing adding injury to insult), "Come along, we've heard enough of this wretched music!"

We have digressed: return we to Margate

jetty, where, independent of the above enumerated parties, might be found all those bodies which children introduce when trying to ascertain their future profession by a digit process: soldier, sailor, tinker, tailor, gentleman, apothecary, ploughboy—we won't mention the last, because not many of the "swell-mob" visit this favoured spot.

If the jetty was alive, the streets were equally so; flymen, goat and donkey drivers, owners of children's perambulators and chaises; boatmen, pie-men, shoeblacks; vendors of cakes, bath-buns, apples, pears, cherries, strawberries, polognesausages, lollypops, brandy-balls, ginger-beer, imperial pop, periwinkles, shrimps, red herrings, gingerbread nuts, and roast potatoes; saleswomen offering laces, embroidered collars, worked sleeves, anti-macassar crochet-work, worsted ornaments for the table, children's socks, garters, and nightcaps; salesmen with shoes, boots, slippers, bootlaces, and blacking-balls; fishermen crying fresh soles, lobsters, whitings, shrimps, Pegwell Bay prawns, mackerel "all alive!" when probably, on nearer inspection, the finny tribe would be discovered to have left their native element some days previous.

Then the shoving and elbowing of the pedestrians; the reckless driving of those determined to have a good hour's worth for their money; the shouts and yells of the donkey boys, as they goaded their poor dumb brutes on, laden with a heavy freight of some "fat, fair, and forty" citizen; the wild scampering of tucked-up, weedy thorough-bred horses, mounted by young ladies whose hands and feet sufficiently proved that equitation had not been part of their education at Minerva House, Camberwell, Belle Vue Lodge, Clapham, Elm Mansion, Brixton, The Cedars, Hammersmith, The Priory, Camden Row, or any other suburban boarding-school.

The bathing women were fully and actively employed, and it was necessary to secure a machine beforehand; the taverns, bath-rooms, pastry-cook shops, eating-houses, were full to repletion, and scarcely a placard was to be seen throughout the town announcing "apartments," the utmost notice being "One bed to be had." The assembly-rooms were open, and Genge, the sweetest of tenors, with other talented male and female vocalists, were nightly indulging a numerous audience in the splendid building in Hawley-square.

The Theatre Royal proclaimed a number of metropolitan "stars" who were to brighten the dramatic hemisphere during the season; the American Circus was advertised to open for two evening and two morning entertainments of "man and horse," in which "stupendous elephants," "magnificent highly-trained horses," talented riders, unequalled acrobats, daring tight-rope dancers, clever ponies, educated mules, dashing female equestrians, and jocose clowns, were to take part; the grotto was open; a commodious swing tempted the juveniles to the rural cottage at Shallows, where the landlord kept his guests in hot water for the small charge of eightpence; the largest hog in England was to be seen at the "Dog and Duck" bowling-green, thus giving the visitors to this picturesque spot an opportunity of "going the whole hog;" the "Hussar" advertised the delight and comfort of his tea, fruit, and pleasure gardens; Dixon, the librarian, than whom a more civil, attentive obliging bibliopolist does not exist, administered to the mental wants of the visitors by a well-assorted collection of books, and an extraordinary supply of newspapers, serials, and magazines; archery, floricul-

tural, and horticultural meetings were to be held, excursion trains were to convey the million at the lowest possible rate to lionize the Cathedral and town of Canterbury, and to witness the unique fêtes of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham; steamboats were constantly plying to Dover and Boulogne; and last, not least, Tivoli held forth a series of attractions, such as would have thrown old Vauxhall into the background: fortune-telling, singing, dancing, archery, shooting, eating, and drinking being the order of the day and evening.

Such were the delights of Margate during the summer trip. Now mark the difference during the "yellow sere" of autumn, which forms as great a contrast as the steamboat "Magician" of the present day does to the Margate hoy "Fortitude," of 1810.

It was on the 10th of October, 1860, that, with a fresh breeze from the north-west, and a favourable tide, we ran our "craft" into the well-protected little harbour under the pier, and were shortly snugly moored in a safe berth. Upon looking out all we could perceive were a few flymen, a gentleman taking a constitutional walk, and one or two fishermen: our arrival had

not created the slightest sensation, and the whole scene reminded us of the story of our childhood, when, under the influence of Morpheus, all the inhabitants were in a profound sleep.

Upon the following day we landed; and then the dulness became even more apparent. Half the refreshment-rooms were shut up; many of the fancy shops had adopted an earlier closing movement than is usually carried out; the theatre had completed its season; the assembly-rooms could no longer boast of the most popular vocal talent of the day, nor was its floor graced with the movements of those who indulged on "the light fantastic toe;" the town band had dwindled down to a few itinerant musicians with some noisy brazen instruments, and an Italian boy with a "tooth-setting-on-edge" hurdy-gurdy; the stud of donkeys was reduced to three or four; one goat-chaise alone appeared upon the stand; perambulators were laid up in ordinary near the fort; striking likenesses at one shilling each, including the frame, were not to be had; pleasure-boats and bathing-machines were removed from the beach to snugger quarters inland; the shoe-black fraternity were represented by two or three ragged

urchins, who were as ready to do an odd job, run for a fly, show you to the post-office, or carry a carpet-bag to the station, as to polish your boots. The flymen looked the very pictures of despairing resignation; and not even the arrival of a train could arouse them from their lethargy. The Preventive Service man walked his solitary round without being subjected, as in summer, to sundry queries respecting the state of the tide, weather, and the rig of vessels in the offing. The pianistes at the baths now "wasted their sweetness on the desert air," and could not, like the naiads of old, attract the listeners to the liquid element. The carvers at the cooks'-shops, who were wont to slice acres of boiled, roast, pressed beef, tongue, hams, and fowls, found their "occupation gone." The veteran in the archery-field had terminated his bow-and-arrow campaign; lotteries and raffles no longer raised the hope of the speculator; coaches no longer plied to St. Peter's, Broadstairs, and Ramsgate. The glories of Tivoli had faded; and a sixpenny admission and refreshment ticket was all that was left to remind the straggling visitors of this Kentish Cremorne. The whole town, from the Royal Crescent, at the west end,

to the eastern extremity, near the neat Coast-guard station—from the pier on the north to the old parish church in the south—with the intermediate streets, squares, crescents, rows, parades, and terraces, hung out their flags of distress, in the shape of "houses" and "apartments to let." Killick's well-regulated boarding-house was almost tenantless. The last new novels were left to grace the bookcases of the respective libraries, instead of being anxiously sought after by the reading public; letter and note-papers, headed with select views of Margate and the humours of the bathing-machines, were neither looked at through the windows, nor asked for. Vintners' light spring-carts no longer conveyed pale sherry, old port, Bass's ale, or Guinness's porter to the thirsty visitors. Cobb's draymen had, comparatively speaking, a holiday, the consumption of his malt liquors, which are "No 1, letter A," being confined to the residents and occasional stragglers like ourselves. The apothecaries' boys, partly owing to the salubrity of the air, and the dearth of strangers, could whistle leisurely by the way, "for want of thought." The post-office was not

besieged with anxious inquirers; the decks and cabins of the London steamers were not thronged with passengers; there was no rush at the railway for the best seats; the electric telegraph was mute. Shell and sea-weed gatherers had ceased their labours. The notice of the Council of the Borough, headed by the name of the Mayor, and signed by the town-clerk, threatening law proceedings against those who wilfully exposed themselves while bathing, was a dead letter, as scarcely one individual was found rash enough to take an immersion in "the briny," with a strong wind blowing from the north-west. The awnings of the bathing-machines, spotted like Lord Zetland's racing jacket, were hung out to dry; the horses that dragged these lumbering vehicles half-a-mile, over the sands and shingle, were turned to some other purpose. The streets were no longer enlivened with Punch's Thespian puppet-show, the Royal Marionettes, wandering troops of negro melodists, and jointless acrobats; nor was the attention of the servant-maids attracted by some well-turned-out "drag," freighted with young cavalry officers from Canterbury barracks; nor were the children and nurse-maids scared at the

appearance of some military-looking cavalier, mounted on a superb charger, who,

> "With heel insidiously at the side,
> Provoked the canter which he seemed to chide,"

in his earnest attempt to "witch the world with noble horsemanship." In short, the "Hall of Tara" immortalized by Thomas Moore, Goldsmith's

> "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,"

the banqueting-room so beautifully described by Byron, the scene of Macbeth's *cœna* and Banquo's spirit, were not more deserted than was Margate at the period we write of; and we, who in the summer of 1857 thought ourselves very lucky in securing a bed made up on the sofa, in a small room, of unhealthy ventilation, and spare adjuncts to the toilet, for which we were charged six shillings a night, were in October last offered drawing-room apartments in one of the best houses, in the most fashionable situation, for a guinea a week; and, if taken for the winter, the whole of the house, containing four storeys, and beautifully furnished, at the same rate.

In conclusion, Margate will, we have no doubt,

after its winter eclipse, again shine forth resplendently in the summer, and prove as exhilarating to the spirits of the happy throng that gathers there, as it will tend to restore the invalid, and keep the convalescent in perfect health.

December.

"*North*—Thank heaven for winter! Would that it lasted all year long! Spring is pretty well in its way, with budding branches and carolling birds, and wimpling burnies, and fleecy skies, and dew-like showers, softening and brightening the bosom of old mother earth. Summer is not much amiss, with umbrageous woods, glittering atmosphere, and awakening thunder-storms. Nor let me libel Autumn, in her gorgeous bounty and her beautiful decays. But Winter, dear cold-handed, warm-hearted Winter, welcome thou to my fur-clad bosom! Thine are the sharp, short, bracing, invigorating days, that screw up muscle, fibre and nerves, like the strings of an old Cremona, discoursing excellent music—thine the long snow-silent, or hail-rattling nights, with earthly firesides and heavenly luminaries, for home comforts or travelling imaginations, for undisturbed imprisonment or unbounded freedom, for the affections of the heart and the flights of the soul! Thine, too———

"*Shepherd*—Thine, too, skatin', and curlin', and grewin', and a' sorts o' deavilry amang lads and lasses at rockins and kirns."

NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ.

"Now Winter old brings frost and cold"—Hints for the Farm—Operations in the Flower and Kitchen Garden—Festivals and Remarkable Days—Sports of the Month—Blondin, *sans peur*, but not *sans reproche*—His reckless daring—Ballooning in the United States—Wild-goose Shooting—A Dissertation on Sporting Dogs—Anecdote of a Celebrated Staghound of former days—Instinct of a Dog of the present day—Manly Speech of the late Earl Fitzhardinge in favour of the Turf and the

Stage—Proposed Regulations respecting Salmon Fishing —Rise and Fall of the Turf—Present Glories—Bygone Glories—An Episode—Ascot in the time of the Prince Regent—A few Remarks on Race-horses and Hunters—Hint to the Commissioner of Woods and Forests—London Monstrosities—A Foreign Trip—Bayswater to Bordeaux.

WINTER has now set in; verdure, foliage, and flowers have vanished; and the sky is either filled with clouds and gloom, or sparkles with a frosty radiance. Westerly winds predominate, which, often varying to the south-west and south, waft a heated air from warmer climates, by which frost is moderated. The coldest December on record was in 1788; the warmest in 1852; the usual mean of the month is about 37 degrees, but towards the end frost may be expected. The farmer may employ his time in ploughing stubbles and subsoiling, which should be completed by the end of the year. Lime may be carted from the kiln, marl from the pit and trenches, and manure to the fields where wanted. In favourable weather the digging of hop-grounds may be commenced; during frost, manure and poles should be carted to the ground. This is the fittest season for draining. When the weather permits, forest

planting may be proceeded with; trenching, fencing, digging, pruning, and thinning, should be carried forward as fast as possible. Cattle must receive the same treatment as last month; they are to be kept warm, dry, and clean, with plenty of litter. In frosty weather, breeding cows and ewes should have a daily feed of white and yellow turnips; and sheep should be looked to, with reference to foot-rot.

Attention now must be paid to the flower and kitchen garden; in the former, decayed flowers must be cut down, and the borders dug, care being taken not to injure any bulbs. Plants, whose hardiness there is any doubt about, should have some mulching of light litter or leaves laid round about their roots—if the latter, cover them lightly with soil, to prevent them being blown about. Hydrangeas, fuchsias, salvias, tender roses, and many others, may be preserved in this manner. In the kitchen-garden, celery should now be earthed up, and in so careful a manner as not to require the operation again; force asparagus, also rhubarb (the Elford), and sea-kale; lay in, as early as possible this month, the brocoli, both purple and white. If the weather is severe,

it would be judicious to cover the ridges of celery either with litter or soft meadow hay; the tops of the celery should be occasionally examined, to see if they rot, for then the decay is sure to proceed through the whole of the plant. Early frame and Charlton peas, long pod beans, radish, and cos-lettuce may be got in, where the situation is southward and dry. Little else in the way of sowing can be usefully accomplished. Trenching, digging, and ridging may proceed, if the ground is not too wet; in mild weather, transplanting and pruning may be performed; and in frosty weather, dung may be got on the ground. All nature is now in a state of repose, awaiting the return of those joyous, enlivening, sunny days of early spring, when fresh life will be infused into the animal and vegetable world.

December abounds with festivals and remarkable days, many of which are too well known to be recorded—such as Christmas Eve and Christmas Day. On St. Thomas's Day, the shortest of the year, a ceremony, called "going a gooding," formerly prevailed in England. Women begged money, and in return presented the donor with sprigs of palm and flowers. This practice is still

kept up in some parts of the country; and in Warwickshire there is a custom for the poor to go with a bag to beg corn of the farmers, which they term "going a corning."

Death has proved fatal to many distinguished characters during this last month of the year: Wycliffe died on the 31st, 1384; A'Becket was murdered on the 29th, 1474; Algernon Sydney was beheaded on the 7th, in 1683; Izaak Walton died on the 15th, 1683; Dr. Johnson, who denounced all fishermen as cruel monsters, died on the 13th, 1784; Washington on the 14th, 1799.

To the sportsman December is a month full of anxious hopes and cares; for should a severe frost prevail his hunting is put an end to, and his valuable stud stand idle, eating (as the phrase goes) their heads off; still, at the same time, he feels that it is only a pleasure deferred, not lost, and may console himself with the idea that a month's respite from labour will greatly benefit his horses, and that after snow and frost the scent usually lies remarkably well. In by-gone days, hunters suffered much during hard weather, for it was next to impossible to exercise them on the

frozen slippery roads; now, in every well-regulated establishment a certain portion of land is marked out, and covered with tan or straw, where the animals can take any amount of walking, trotting, or cantering exercise. A riding-house is, perhaps, one of the most valuable appendages to a country home of England, as not only horses can be daily exercised in it, but the fairer portion of the sex may pursue their equestrian vocations, when frost or rain prevent them facing the elements.

The month of December, however, even assuming the frost and snow to have been so severe as to prevent hunting, is one of great interest to the sportsman and lover of out-door amusements, as he may enjoy pheasant, hare, woodcock, snipe, partridge, wild-duck, and wild-goose shooting, and may also indulge in skating, golfing, and sledging.

The woodcock generally appears in the United Kingdom early in October, having left the countries bordering upon the Baltic as the Autumn sets in. They do not come in large flocks, but keep dropping in upon our shores singly up to December. The instinct of those

migratory birds is very great, for they either land in the night, or in dark misty weather, so that their arrival is never seen. Their stay at the seaside is very limited, as no sooner have they recovered from the fatigue of their aërial voyage, than they proceed inland to the haunts they left in Spring. The flight of the woodcock is very rapid, but short, as it drops behind the first sheltered coppice with great suddenness, and, to escape its pursuer, runs quickly off; a few shot, however, will bring down this highly-prized bird.

The snipe is, unquestionably, a bird of passage, although it frequently breeds with us; from its vigilance and manner of flying, it is not easy to kill; still the sport is very exciting where plenty of birds are to be found. One of the best days' sport we ever remember was during our sojourn in Canada. At an early hour a party of four, including the Governor-General, left Quebec for a small tract of swampy ground, near the falls of Montmorenci, and in less than six hours we bagged such a number, that were we to record it from our game-book now before us, we should be accused of the Munchausen propensity of shooting with a "long-bow."

While on the subject of Canada, we are reminded of the wonderful acts of the intrepid Blondin. The old adage about the pitcher that goes often to the well will, we hope, not be realized in the fate of this courageous man. The *New York Herald* has the following advertisement:—

"Jones's Wood, Oct. 8, 1860. Last chance to see the Great Blondin. On this occasion Monsieur Blondin will perform the most daring feet on record, that of walking 1,500 feet upon a tight-rope, with his feet inside of a bushel basket, being heavily chained from neck to feet at the same time, with massive chains, at 3 o'clock, P.M."

If the above is not an act of unchained lunacy, we know not what is; and instead of encouraging such revolting and dangerous amusements, the public, whether in Canada or elsewhere, ought to set their faces against it, and, by staying away, at least not countenance what must inevitably prove the death of a brave but misguided man. Unquestionably our Transatlantic neighbours still practise the "go-a-head" system; for not satisfied with supporting tight-rope dancing across

the mighty cataract of Niagara, they have taken up ballooning on a grand scale.

In September, 1859, Mr. C. Coe, whilst attempting to remove his balloon from a tree, in which it had lodged, fell and broke his arm, and otherwise injured himself. In consequence of that accident, Mr. Coe was confined to his bed until last February. Although one of his hands is amputated, and he is rendered a cripple for life, his ambition has not been damped. He has a passion for aërostation, and is a believer in the easterly current, and the practicability of an aërial voyage across the Atlantic. Before he had sufficiently recovered to walk about, he ordered some of the material he should want to make a new balloon, on a larger and grander scale than any ever constructed in the world. In April last he commenced the work on a balloon, which is to be finished in the course of a week or so. The use of the arsenal buildings at Rome, in the United States, was procured, and in it the work has been progressing for the last four months—there being some eighteen or twenty hands engaged in making, varnishing, and otherwise preparing the mammoth aërial ship. That our readers

may form some idea of this sailing-vessel of the sky, we give a few facts and figures. There are 8,700 yards of cloth in the balloon; over this is the netting, weighing 900 pounds. The balloon, when inflated, is 201 feet high. Its diameter is 118 feet, and to fill it requires 1,731,000 cubic feet of gas. The cost of balloon gas is ordinarily about 2 dols. per thousand, at which rate it will cost over 3,000 dols. to fill it. The car and basket is 39½ feet in circumference, and 13 feet in diameter; made of rattan, with seats in the inside, similar to an omnibus. More than twenty-two miles of sewing have been done on this balloon. Its lifting power is above 69,000 lbs. It is three times as large as the "City of New York," in which Professor Lowe advertised he would cross the Atlantic last autumn. That balloon held 700,000 feet of gas. The "Atlantic," in which La Mountain crossed Lakes Erie and Ontario, held some 60,000 feet of gas. The cost of this balloon will be several thousand dollars.

We have digressed. Return we to shooting, which can be carried on in great perfection during the month of December, for the grand *battues* generally take place before Christmas. In addi-

tion to pheasants and hares, woodcocks are plentiful; and as there is more excitement in killing one of these migratory birds than in knocking over half-a-dozen "long tails," the sportsman's delight on a fine bracing morning, with fully-stocked preserves, well-trained spaniels, a first-rate retriever, disciplined beaters, and an agreeable party, cannot be exceeded.

We have already referred to modern inventions in guns, and again return to the subject. In by-gone days, when men found pleasure in making good every inch of ground, and when, with a brace of pointers, a retriever, and one or two companions as keen as themselves, they walked through the stubbles and the turnip fields, marking down every bird that escaped the vigilance of Basto or Juno, and beat the hedge-rows for a pheasant or a hare, a breech-loader would have been an invaluable boon, especially on a cold frosty morning. Mark the contrast! Instead of having first to prime, then to wipe the flint and steel, then to draw a refractory ramrod, and put in the powder, then to force down a piece of card or card-board (for patent wadding was not in prospective existence), then to extract the shot from

an ill-shaped belt, into a sort of brass pipe, that formed the top, and which was "unattached," and without spring, and lastly, to guard the pan against any damp or wet entering it—the modern process is, one turn of a bolt to open the barrel, one movement to insert the cartridge, another to replace the barrel, and the weapon, perfectly impervious to snow, sleet, or rain, is ready to create great havoc among the feathered and furred tribes, if in the hands of an experienced marksman.

Sportsmen differ in opinion upon many subjects, and upon no point more than that respecting pointers and setters; some affirming that the former are so far preferable, while others contend for the superiority of the latter. We ourselves have enjoyed so many pleasant days with both, that where they are equally well bred, we could exclaim with Macheath,

"How happy could I be with either!"

A word, however, on each of them may not be out of place.

The Spanish pointer, although of foreign extraction, has now been naturalized in this country, and is remarkable for the aptness and facility with which it receives instruction; while the

English pointer requires the greatest care and attention in breaking him into the sport. The Spanish pointer, however, has not the hardihood or durability of our native John Bull breed, and is therefore unable to undergo the fatigues of a heavy day's work. The setter is an active and hardy dog, with the most exquisite sense of scent; nor is it less famed for its speed, perseverance, and caution in approaching its game.

Well-trained spaniels may be employed in pheasant-shooting—they cannot be too strong, too short upon the leg, or have too much courage; the thickness of the covers will oppose, and sometimes almost overpower, even this combination of form and spirit. How admirable is Pye's description:

"See how with emulative zeal they strive,
Thread the loose sedge, and thro' the thicket drive!
No babbling voice the bosom falsely warms,
Or swells the panting heart with vain alarms,
Till all at once their choral tongues proclaim,
The secret refuge of the lurking game.
Swift is their course, no lengthened warnings now
Space to collect the scatter'd thoughts allow;
No wary *pointer* shews the cautious eyes,
Where from his russet couch the bird shall rise;
Perhaps light running o'er the mossy ground,
His devious steps your sanguine hopes confound.
Or by the tangled branches hid from sight,
Sudden he tries his unexpected flight;

Soon as the ready dogs their quarry spring,
And swift he spreads his variegated wing,
Ceas'd is their cry; with silent look they wait,
Till the loud gun decides the event of fate."

In addition to pheasant, woodcock, hare, and snipe shooting, the "gunner" may devote himself to wild-fowl shooting, or pass an agreeable hour or two watching the wary manœuvres of a decoy, some of which still exist in Lincolnshire and Gloucestershire. Wild geese visit the fens and marshy places of England generally during the month of October; and at Wootton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire, their arrival prognosticates the weather. If they come over before Wootton fair, a severe winter is anticipated; if on the contrary, a mild one; and, by all accounts, these specimens of the Anas genus are even more correct in their prophecies than Moore or Zadkiel's Almanack.

Wild-goose shooting requires not only a hardy sportsman, but an excellent shot; for, if you allow the bird to pass over your head, there is not the remotest chance of killing him. They are, moreover, very wary; for although, out hunting, we have seen hounds and horseman pass near a flock —nay, almost go through one without disturbing a bird—the moment you have a gun in your

hand the whole flock betake themselves to flight.

We have alluded to "decoys;" and among the very best in England may be mentioned one belonging to the present proprietor of Berkeley Castle, which for quantity and quality of wild-fowl is second to none, the birds taken there being as superior to those fishy "flying Dutchmen" which are annually imported in large numbers from Holland, as a woodcock is to a young rook, a salmon to a barbel, a haunch of venison to a kid, turtle soup to a French peasant's "pot au feu," Moet's champagne to gooseberry wine, Randolph Payne's claret to *vin ordinaire*, or any other simile that may suggest itself to the mind of the intelligent reader.

From shooting we turn to hunting, which we are happy to record is quite as popular, if not more so than ever. In England the attachment to the "noble science" is so great that it may be considered as a national feeling. It is therefore not to be wondered at that our hounds and horses should excel all others in that diversion—for every care is taken to produce them with sufficient strength, speed, and bottom to undergo the fatigues of the chase.

The old English hound was distinguished by its great size and strength. Its body was long, its chest deep, its ears long and sweeping, and the tone of its voice was deep and mellow. It was endued with the finest sense of smelling, and would hunt a cold scent admirably; but it wanted speed, and was only suited to the "slow and sure" system of former days, and not to the racing pace of the present time. Shakspeare described the breed most accurately in the following lines:—

"My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook'd-knee'd and dew-lapp'd, like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each."

The fox-hound now most admired must possess both nose, speed, and courage; and, as an instance of the indomitable spirit of a stag-hound, we quote the following anecdote of Bewick's:—

"Many years since, a very large stag was turned out of Whinfield Park, in Westmoreland, and pursued by the hounds, till, by fatigue or accident, the whole pack were thrown out, except two staunch and favourite dogs, which continued the chase the greater part of the day. The stag returned to the park from whence he set out; and,

as his last effort, leaped the wall, and expired as soon as he had accomplished it. One of the hounds pursued to the wall; but being unable to get over it, lay down, and almost immediately expired; the other was found dead at a small distance. The length of the chase is uncertain; but as they were seen at Redkirk's, near Annan, in Scotland, distant by the post road about forty-six miles, it is conjectured that the circuitous and uneven course they might be supposed to take would not be less than one-hundred-and-twenty miles. To commemorate this fact, the horns of the stag, which were the largest ever seen in that part of the country, were placed on a tree of a most enormous size, in the park (afterwards called the 'Hart-horn tree'), accompanied with this inscription :—

"'Hercules kill'd Hart o' Greece,
And Hart o' Greece kill'd Hercules.'

The horns have since been removed, and are now at Julian's Bower, in the same county."

The harrier and the beagle have within a few years been brought to a great state of perfection, both as to scent and speed, and those who do not live in a good fox-hunting country find much

pleasure in what has been most irreverently termed the "currant-jelly pack." A mixed breed between the harrier and the large terrier forms a strong, active, hardy, and courageous hound, used in otter-hunting.

The bloodhound was formerly in great favour with our ancestors, and was not only employed in recovering wounded game, but in barbarous and uncivilized times was called upon to trace the footsteps of the murderer or the thief, and it seldom ceased its pursuit until the felon was captured. In Scotland it went by the name of "the sleuth-hound;" and a law existed in that country that whoever denied entrance to one of those dogs, in pursuit of stolen goods, should be deemed an accessory. The bloodhound is most beautifully formed, and exceeds all other hounds in strength, activity, speed, and sagacity. They are still used in Highland deer-stalking, and are most useful in recovering a wounded "monarch of the woods."

To prove that the instinct of these faithful companions of man has not degenerated, we lay before our readers a well-authenticated statement of a circumstance that lately occurred.

A short time ago a dog, well known to the railway officials from his frequent travelling with his master, presented himself at one of the stations on the Fleetwood, Preston, and Longridge line. After looking round for some length of time amongst the passengers and in the carriages, just as the train was about to start he leaped into one of the compartments of a carriage, and laid himself down under the seat. Arriving at Longridge, he made another survey of the passengers, and, after waiting until the station had been cleared, he went into the Railway Station Hotel, searched all the places on the ground-floor, then went and made a tour of inspection over the adjoining grounds; but, being apparently unsuccessful, trotted back to the train, and took his old position just as it moved off. On reaching the station from which he had first started, he again looked round as before, and took his departure. It seems that he now proceeded to the General Railway Station at Preston, and after repeating the looking-around-performance, placed himself under one of the seats in a train which he had singled out of the many that are constantly popping-in-and-out, and in due time arrived in Liver-

pool. He now visited a few places where he had been before with his master, of whom, as it afterwards appeared, he was in search. Of his adventures in Liverpool little is known; but he remained all night, and visited Preston again early the next morning. Still not finding his missing master, he, for the fourth time, "took the train"—this time, however, to Lancaster and Carlisle, at which latter place the sagacity and faithfulness of the animal, as well as the perseverance and tact he displayed in prosecuting his search, were rewarded by finding his master. Their joy at meeting was mutual.

The mention of the Berkeley fox-hounds in our last chapter, reminds us of an excellent speech made by the late Earl Fitzhardinge, at the race dinner at the King's Head Hotel, Gloucester, in 1827, when field-sports were denounced from the pulpit; and as, unfortunately, in many instances, the same crusade is now made against the turf, we quote the following remarks from the noble Earl's address:—

"Gentlemen,—Having had the honour of acting as one of the first stewards at the establishment of racing in this town, I cannot feel indifferent to its success, and to the results arising

from it; and, consequently, it was with some astonishment, not unmingled with alarm, that I heard that a clergyman, within ten miles of this spot, had denounced the most terrific anathemas against all who promoted or participated in races; and, not content with the effect which this awful sermon might produce on those who had the good fortune to hear it, I was likewise informed that he actually published it, with a gentle hint to his flock as to their temporal interest in the preface, that all orthodox Protestants might be benefited by this valuable theological composition. Now, as I fairly avow the ignorance under which I laboured, and still do labour under, of the sin either of supporting or looking at a race, I purchased this sermon, and there found that the Incumbent of Cheltenham had roundly sent to the devil all those who frequented either racecourses or playhouses.

"Gentlemen, I cannot think that this is the true doctrine of the Church of England; but, without taking upon myself to prove that it is not, I will affirm that, if it is, the King, Lords (spiritual as well as temporal), and Commons of this realm have more to answer for than they probably are

aware of; for not only have they been guilty of conniving at and tolerating these strongholds of Satan, but deliberately, and in the plenitude of their legislative wisdom, have they passed acts of Parliament for the special encouragement and protection both of races and playhouses. And yet no one bishop has been found, who has ever remonstrated or protested in the House of Lords against the passing of acts which, according to this doctrine, can accomplish no other object than consigning thousands of souls to eternal perdition. If this be true, and that the ministers of God are set 'as watchmen of the Church,' I cannot—will not—believe that, out of twenty-four bishops, and two archbishops, among whom names are to be found as illustrious for their learning, zeal, and true piety as for their detestation of cant and hypocrisy, not one would come forward—nay, that in a body they would not have risen—to endeavour, at least, to put down that which it was their bounden and solemn duty to crush by every means in their power. . . . But the fact is, that these truly pious and enlightened divines know well the value of a race. They know there is no animal like the English race-horse. They

know that without races there would be no race-horses—that without the race-horse we should lose the superiority in our breed of horses, which distinguishes us from the rest of Europe—that to this superiority we were mainly indebted for our success in the Peninsular war—and, finally, when they returned thanks to Providence for the glories of the field of Waterloo, they did not forget the share the British cavalry had in the events of the day. For myself, I do not mean to claim any weight for my own private opinions; they are, however, totally unswayed by personal feeling: I support races solely because I believe them to be a national good, never having been a master of a race-horse in my life, nor ever having won or lost fifty pounds on a racing bet. On the subject of theatricals, I admit I cannot plead the same personal indifference; but I am inclined to think that the great body of the orthodox Church of England do not apprehend the same baneful effects from them as are denounced in the publication I have mentioned. If they do, the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, at least, must live in a continued state of holy horror, and the former guardians of the Abbey must have slept on their

posts, for there, numbered among the illustrious dead, we find the names of Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Dryden, Cumberland, Davenant, and Congreve recorded, all (with one exception) for having written nothing else but plays; and, sleeping in the same solemn sanctuary, are the mortal remains of Booth, Garrick, and Henderson, placed there for no other reason but that they had distinguished themselves by acting plays. I trust, gentlemen, that you will not think I have taken up your time with too long a sermon; but I hope, from the bottom of my heart, that I shall never see the time when an Englishman shall be reduced to such a state of mental degradation as to believe that he cannot see a race run, nor a play of Shakspeare's acted, without having reason to dread the vengeance of offended Heaven."

To the follower of Old Izaak Walton, the following statement will prove interesting:—With respect to the Salmon Fisheries of England and Wales, those who have been called upon by the Royal Commissioners to inquire into the subject, appear to be unanimous in the following points: A uniform time to commence salmon fishing to be the first of March, and for fishing to end the first

of September; a month later in the autumn to be allowed for rod-fishing. The last spring not to be taken in the spring of the year under any pretence whatever, whilst migrating to the sea; none but the salmon net to be used. That public conservators should be appointed. That an annual tax should be put on all fisheries, nets, and engines for taking fish. No fishing to be allowed between six, P.M., on Saturday night, and six, A.M., on the following Monday morning.

We have given a speech of the late Earl Fitzhardinge (than whom a better sportsman or master of fox-hounds never existed) in answer to some severe denunciations against racing, and we now add to his testimony that of a most popular writer of the day, Walter White, who, in his very interesting book, "All Round the Wrekin," thus speaks of recreation for the million:—

"Five thousand pounds every fortnight, one hundred and thirty thousand pounds a-year, paid in wages alone. With such resources at command, what might not the working-classes achieve, if they would? But their case must be fairly considered. Violent labours will have violent excitement, and passive recreations, in spite

of Mechanics' Institutes; and mind and heart are not to be touched and enlightened in the same brief time that ore is changeable into iron. Let schools and institutes be encouraged nevertheless; but offer therewith passive as well as vigorous recreations, and enticements from the fascinations of drunkenness. Let us have rifle-shooting and foot-ball, quoits and cricket, and every suitable out-door game; and let advantage be taken of the drama for mental diversion. I should like to see an experiment tried in the black country, with a theatre in every populous neighbourhood, where short pieces, farce and comedy, should be represented, accompanied by good music. One condition of the experiment should be, closing of the performance at nine o'clock."

In the above black country, which forms a large portion of the manufacturing districts, much vice exists, and the gin-palaces and beer-shops can tell tales of dark deeds commenced in intemperance, and ended in crime of the blackest hue. If, then, during a holiday, or after working hours, innocent out and in-door amusements could be furnished to the thousands who earn their livelihood by the sweat of the brow, how far pre-

ferable would it be to driving them into scenes and haunts of iniquity! Not that we are chimerical enough to suppose for a moment that any human exertion would entirely prevent drunkenness, or that the vicious would be at once converted; all we contend for is, that it is the bounden duty of the higher and wealthier classes to provide rational amusement for those desirous of partaking of it, whether in the playing-fields, the mechanics' institute, the reading or lecture-room.

By thus improving the mental powers, and encouraging the harmless recreation of their humbler brethren, the greatest possible benefit would arise. Chartism, anarchy, and confusion would depart from men's minds, and the seed of contentment would bring forward a rich harvest of loyalty and patriotism; the intellect of the operatives would be expanded, their religious feelings would be awakened, if not exalted, their moral worth would be improved, and their health would be promoted; in fine, they would rank as loyal subjects, obedient to their Queen and the laws of the realm, and in their domestic life would prove themselves to be sober and industrious, conscien-

tious to their employers, kind to their wives, and affectionate to their children. The crimes that have lately disgraced our country would be of less frequent occurrence, and happiness, contentment, and plenty would spread over the land.

We have already alluded to the present palmy days of the turf; it would be a curious speculation to trace the causes of its rise, decline, and downfall at many of the provincial meetings, but it is a subject that would exceed the limits of our work, and is one of too much importance to be disposed of summarily. Suffice it to say, that cant and hypocrisy upon one side have done their best to bring into contempt and disrepute the whole body of our field-sports. Furious and Quixotic attacks have been levelled against racing; the pulpit has been prostituted for the purpose of decrying this popular and national amusement of the people; placards have been posted on the roads to the course, denouncing those who attend such meetings—meetings which have from time immemorial received the especial support of royalty, and which are as accessible to the peasant as to the peer.

Although professing ourselves to be friends to

all manly games, we are the uncompromising foes and bitter opponents to any that tend to cruelty, selfishness, or brutality. We wish to see the humbler classes enjoy their leisure hours in healthy, harmless recreation; we prefer the fist "to the knife," a fair stand-up fight, and afterwards a cordial shake of the hand to settle a quarrel, to a stiletto, and its consequent murder; we like fairs, May-day games, harvest homes, revels, wakes, Christmas gambols, New Year's merriment, better than torchlight meetings, rick-burning, arson, political associations, and Chartist conspiracies. We think that standard works, standard magazines, and standard newspapers are more profitable than seditious and licentious publications; and that to give a hearty, healthy tone to man, *Bell's Life in London* and *The Field* are to be selected before republican treatises and a levelling press.

We now proceed to continue the subject of the rise and fall of the turf, by describing meetings which have kept up their brilliancy, or have fallen into disrepute. We would commence with Goodwood; but a late melancholy event, which has caused universal sorrow, and proved the

saddest blow to those more immediately connected with the late kind-hearted proprietor of that domain, prevents our doing justice to the subject, and we therefore pass over the glories of Goodwood, to notice other gatherings equally and deservedly popular.

Epsom, Ascot, Doncaster, Newmarket, York, Chester, and Liverpool have been yearly increasing in prosperity, until they have reached the climax of perfection. Within a few years many places that showed symptoms of decline, both as to sport and company, have revived, and now partake to a great degree of their former splendour. Brighton, formerly the cynosure of fashion, the once favoured spot, honoured by the presence of the "observed of all observers," the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., acquired an importance in 1861 that placed it on a level with the best provincial meeting. Lewes, where in bygone days royalty and racing drew all the sporting world together, burst again forth in the plenitude of its power during the last season, and regained its fading laurels. It was on this far-famed spot, in 1805, that Mr. Mellish's b. c. Sancho, by Don Quixote, beat Lord Darlington's

b. c. Pavilion, 8st. 3lbs. each, four miles, 3000 guineas, 2,000 forfeit—the odds being two to one on the loser. Sancho's doings may here be recorded; for, in addition to the above match, he won one of 1,000 guineas, against Hannibal, and one of 200 guineas against Bobtail. But in the following year Cervantes' hero's star began to set for ever, for he broke down at Lewes in a "return match" for 2,000 guineas, against Pavilion, and had to pay the following forfeits, in addition to losing two matches:—

To Lord Darlington's Pavilion . . .	£2,100	0	0
„ H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's Haphazard	1,050	0	0
„ Lord Darlington's Zodiac . . .	262	10	0
„ Mr. Ladbroke's Wormwood . .	210	0	0
„ Mr. Arthur's Brainworm . . .	157	10	0
„ Mr. Howarth's Plantagenet . .	105	0	0
	£3,885	0	0
„ Two matches	2,310	0	0
	£6,195	0	0

Abingdon, Reading, Chelmsford, Salisbury, Northallerton, Bath, Wolverhampton, Worcester, Warwick, Stamford, Bibury, Stockbridge, Hampton, Manchester, Richmond, Winchester, and other places "too numerous" (as the puffing tradesmen say) "for this advertisement," have

within a few years become more than ordinarily attractive; while a few have faded away, or are fast fading away. Tunbridge Wells, the Isle of Thanet, Ashford, Lee and Eltham, Dove House, Sheerness, Marlow, Cheltenham, Royston, Eglinton Park, Bicester, Guildford, Hastings and St. Leonards, Lambton Park, Gloucester, Mitchel Grove, and Stapleton Park, are, we fear, beyond resuscitation. Still, with these fallings off, Newmarket remains, as it ever was, a place of business—where "the race, the whole race, and nothing but the race" is thought of. Doncaster—the arena of the grand struggle for the championship, North Country *versus* South—stands conspicuous for the excellence of its arrangements, the all-absorbing interest of the Yorkshire *cordon bleu*, and the large amount of racing furnished during the five days' gathering. The St. Leger was instituted in 1775, by a late gallant Colonel of that name, residing at Park Hill, near Doncaster; but it was not until 1779 that it gained its present name, which title it received from the Marquis of Rockingham, at a dinner at the "Red Lion," then the head inn of Doncaster, in compliment of the distinguished sportsman with whom

the race originated. Epsom meeting, whether we look at it in a racing point of view, or as a national holiday, cannot be exceeded; and there is no country in the world that can exhibit at once so gay, so magnificent a sight as the morning when, to quote from one of Catnach's ballads:—

> "Now's your time, and now's your fun,
> For Epsom races *is* begun."

And here let us divide the company into two classes—those who attend for the purpose of seeing the pick of the three years old saddled in the Warren, and afterwards start for the great prize of the season; and those who are merely present for the purpose of merry-making, and whose hours are occupied in eating, drinking, flirting, making-up lotteries on the Derby, shying at sticks, playing at "Aunt Sally" (a game which has become as popular in fashionable private society as croquet or lawn billiards), smoking, or having their fortunes told. We firmly believe that, if the amount of happiness that each of the above respective parties enjoy could be truly ascertained, it would be found that the holiday-makers possess the greatest—and they have one material gain, which is, that after the fun is over,

they have no losses to make good, and the "settling" day at Tattersall's is to them a matter of perfect indifference; indeed, many of them are not aware that it exists.

Ascot, from its proximity to Windsor Castle, and the patronage bestowed upon the meeting by the presence of our most Gracious Queen, stands unrivalled for the brilliant assemblage of rank and fashion that annually gather together on this far-famed heath. In bygone days these races were only accessible to the higher and wealthier classes; for a drive of seven-and-twenty miles, whether in whiskey, buggy, gig, dog-cart, curricle, tandem, pair-horse chaise, or four-horse "drag," was a considerable expense, and not at all calculated to suit the pockets of the million. The meeting then was strictly confined to the aristocratic and sporting circles, with the exception perhaps of a few who could afford to hire a hack, or join in a job carriage for the day. Never shall we forget (we adopt the editorial plural) our first visit to Ascot, which was in the year 1814—a period famed in the annals of this country as one in which it was honoured with the presence of almost all the crowned heads, illustrious warriors,

and talented statesmen of Europe. We were then at a private tutor's at Donnington, near Newbury, enjoying that happy period of life, when, emancipated from school, we were allowed, under certain restrictions, to indulge in field sports. It was on a fine summer's afternoon in June, when, after a most delightful tandem drive to Reading, we had drawn up in front of the "Pelican Inn" at Newbury (from which excellent *hôtelleris* we had hired the dangerous vehicle). We were deep in conversation with the head-waiter, Joe Revell, as to a light supper and a bowl of "Bishop," which was to be prepared for us after the hour of evening study was over, when the ostler, who was on the double look-out for our half-crown and any posting carriages that might be on the road to or from London, hastily seized our leader, and drawing him forward, shouted, "First and second turn out." In almost less time than we can take to describe it, our tandem was advanced some ten paces, a neat chariot-and-four had driven up to the door, the landlady was at her post, Joe Revell at his, and the clattering of four horses proved that the ostler's orders had been promptly obeyed.

"Open the door; I'll alight for a moment," said the new comer; "but don't take off the horses—they'll take me to the Reverend Mr. Knollis, and I shall want four to take me back in an hour or two."

The name of my tutor attracted my attention, and, on looking round, to my great delight I recognized the form of my uncle, then Marquis of Huntley.

"Capital! capital!" said he, with that good-humoured chuckle for which he was known. "I heard you were deep in your classical studies; but why drive a tandem? '*Tandem* parcas insane:' it's a most breakneck affair."

"Oh! uncle," I replied, "you are a second Propertius, who exclaims against it as rivalling the curricle—that is, if *my* translation is correct:—

> "Invide tu *tandem* voces compesce molestas
> Et sine nos cursu quo sumus *ire pares*."

"Bravo, youngster," responded my relative, "you've not forgotten your Latin; but, as I am pressed for time, suppose you and your friend jump into my carriage, and we'll drive to your Dominie's. It is lucky I forgot the name of his

place, or I should have gone straight there, and missed you."

"Waiter," said the heir of the house of Gordon, "I shall want dinner for three at six o'clock, and don't forget to ice a couple of bottles of champagne."

During our drive to Donnington, my uncle briefly explained that he had called for me, by my parents' desire, on his way from Bath to London; that we were to sleep at Salt Hill, proceed to Ascot Races the following day, and then on to town, where I was to receive instructions as to my future plans; a hint, however, being thrown out that, instead of returning to my tutor's, I was to accompany the Duke of Wellington to his embassy at Paris.

"I must see Mr. Knollis," said Lord Huntley, "who, I have no doubt, will allow you and your brother 'dragsman' to dine with me at Botham's; and, as we have no time to lose, my servant shall help to pack up sufficient things for the journey in the imperial, and the rest can be sent up to-morrow by the waggon."

Upon reaching the house a considerable degree of sensation was created by our appearance in a

well-appointed travelling chariot, with the coronet and crest neatly emblazoned on the panels. Dick, the factotum, who cleaned boots, brushed clothes, waited at table, and went messages, having opened his eyes wide with astonishment, smoothed down his hair, put on his best coat, and ran to answer the bell; the culinary artist, old mother Tebbit, stopped peeling an onion, and, with an eye to her business, exclaimed to the scullery-maid:—

"I hope it isn't some 'nob' come to dinner, for there's only a joint, some hashed mutton, and a gooseberry tart. Well, come to the worst," she proceeded after a moment's thought, "you could step, Sarah, to the mill, and get a dish of eels, and I could make a nice pancake with apricot preserve."

In the meantime, we had descended from the carriage, and found all my companions sitting "*sub tegmine fagi*," some studying Ovid and Horace, others reading an account from the *Theatrical Examiner*, of the very great hit recently made by Edmund Kean at Drury Lane. With that good taste and gentlemanlike bearing which characterise boys brought up at Westminster, Harrow, Eton, Winchester, or Rugby, they took

no notice whatever of us, as we crossed the small garden which led to the house.

"Why, what a studious lot!" exclaimed my relative. "How many have you?"

"Seven altogether," I replied; "but Hall has gone up to London, to see his mother, who is unwell."

"Then," he proceeded, "why should we not all adjourn to the 'Pelican?' I dare say Mr. Knollis won't mind a quiet day to himself—that is, if he will not make one, for I should be delighted to have the pleasure of his company."

The party alluded to now appeared; and, as good luck would have it, he had engaged himself to dine with the clergyman of the parish, the pious, excellent pastor of Speen Hill. The invitation was then, after a formal introduction, given to my comrades, and gladly accepted.

"At six punctually," said my uncle, "we shall meet at Botham's: in the meantime, pray despatch a messenger to tell Revell to prepare dinner for seven, and not to forget to have plenty champagne in ice."

Dick volunteered this duty, and, having received full instructions and half-a-crown, was off

like a shot, by a short cut, through the garden and fields—a cut well known to us all when in haste to be in time for lessons or meals. The rush then took place to our respective dormitories, so as to be dressed and ready by the appointed hour.

It would require the pencil of Hogarth to describe boys and "hobbledehoys" (as they are called) going through an elaborate, yet hasty, toilet for dinner, and the picture would make a capital *pendant* for "Strolling Actors dressing in a Barn." A lad of the name of Jem Hudson, who in these days would be decked out in a green jacket ornamented with sugar-loaf buttons, and be called James the page, but who, at the period I write of, was equipped in a plain working suit, and was dubbed foot-boy, acted as valet to the young gentlemen; need I say that on this occasion his services were called into active requisition?—and, to have attended to all, he must have possessed the powers of ubiquity to a most extraordinary degree. "Jem, bring me up my thin boots." "Get me out my white waistcoat." "Where's my evening

cloth was one deeply studied by all who had any pretensions to be considered as followers of the reigning Beau Brummel, and a small volume called "Neckclothiana," with practical instructions and illustrations as to the different ties, the manner of folding and tying the starched cambric, was on every gentleman's dressing-table. Theory, however, without practice, was unavailing, as was proved on the occasion referred to, when young Hay sacrificed four cravats in his attempt to get a successful "waterfall," so one of the most knowing devices was called.

We have digressed. To resume: "Jem, where are my kid gloves?" "I say, somebody has smugged my lavender-water bottle." "Just clean my straps." "Who's taken my boot-hooks?" The above and sundry other cries were heard during the half-hour dèvoted to dressing, and my uncle, having ordered the leaders to be taken off, offered our tutor a seat in his carriage, wishing, as he said, to go round to see Speen Hill Church, but in reality to pay an act of courtesy to the kind-hearted dominie. One word

by all, and by no one more than by the writer of this humble tribute to worth, kindness, and integrity. Peace to his manes!

To return to my adventures: Soon after five o'clock we sallied forth in separate cliques to show ourselves off in our best holiday suits, and no peacocks were ever prouder of their plumage than we were, as we respectively paid visits to old Polly Brown, the female Gunter of the town, called for a watch-ribbon at the lovely Misses Bew's, or strutted into the reading-room at the Circulating Library. To me there was a slight mixture of regret, nay, more than a slight one, at the thought of leaving my chums, my ladye-love, and those tradesmen with whom I had spent so much of my pocket-money and time. But there was little time for sentiment; so, bidding a hearty boyish adieu to "the girls I left behind me," antiquated Polly, and juvenile Charlotte, and shaking all my friends by the hand, I joined the party at the "Pelican," just at the moment the attentive landlord, followed by his attendants, had placed the soup and fish upon the table. "Green pea and giblet," "eels stewed, boiled, and spitchcocked," "perch water zuchée," said the waiter,

as the tureens and dishes were uncovered. We need not, however, dwell too much upon the dinner, which was the old-fashioned country inn fare, and which cannot be improved upon by modern cooks; for great as Francatelli and other *chefs* are, can they produce a more exquisite dish than a tender juicy rump-steak, with oyster-sauce, done to a turn, or a well-fed fowl, with bacon cured at home, or a mutton-chop from a four-year-old sheep, hot and hot from the grid-iron, or an aitch-bone of beef, boiled to perfection, with its tempting adjuncts of pease-pudding, fresh carrots and greens from the garden, or a pulled and grilled turkey-poult, or a cold currant and raspberry, or cherry with the stones extracted, or gooseberry tart, with cream unknown in the London markets? The above constituted our fare on the occasion referred to, and when I say that some excellent champagne, some first-rate sherry, and the finest magnums of beeswing port were added, I need hardly inform the reader that, as far as epicurism was concerned, we were all thoroughly satisfied; nor was it less a flow of reason, albeit one of bowl, for my uncle had the happy knack of making himself agreeable in all

societies, old, young, patrician, plebeian, rich, or poor. In the presence of royalty, as chairman of a convivial meeting, as croupier of a Scotch gathering, as president of a charitable society, as a guest at the public or private dinners, the name of Huntley was connected with all that was affable, pleasant, joyous, and good-humoured, and never did he shine brighter than upon the occasion I have dwelt upon; it was not until past ten o'clock that he and I started off for Salt Hill, he having taken the precaution of sending a letter on by the driver of the York House Bath coach, ordering beds at the "Windmill," then kept by the brother of "mine host" at the "Pelican." Upon the following morning we proceeded to Ascot, and reached the course about half-an-hour before the Prince Regent and his distinguished visitors, the foreign potentates, made their appearance.

The Royal Stand was full; kings, nobles, and ambassadors decorated with orders, and ladies, foreign and native, dressed in the most elegant style. There might be seen the "rising *sun*," the heir to the throne of England; the manly form of the great Autocrat of Russia; the solemn gait of

the King of Prussia; the military figure of the Cossack Hetman, Platoff; the soldier-like bearing of Blücher; and intermixed in this august assemblage might be noticed the grave courtier and the stern patriot; the youthful scions of the noblesse, just launched into the ensnaring blandishments and gaieties of court life; the youthful *belle*, the faded beauty, the aged chaperon, warriors, equerries and statesmen. The shouts that rent the air when the crowned heads appeared in front of the stand, might have been heard miles off, and never shall I forget the enthusiasm of the public towards those who had assisted in restoring a general peace. For myself, I was in an ecstasy of joy, which was not a little increased when my uncle proposed a visit to the Prince Regent's stand, and which was almost immediately carried out. Never having been presented at Court, I almost feared that I should break down when undergoing the severe ordeal of bowing to the "most finished gentleman in England;" but the courtesy, affability, and good-humour of the Regent soon put me at my ease. My relative having, in an interview with the Lord Chamberlain, mentioned, for the information of the Regent, that a

young nephew, recently appointed *attaché* to the Duke of Wellington, accompanied him, he received the Prince's commands to invite us both to luncheon — an invitation which we gladly accepted. To describe the entertainment is far beyond my powers; suffice it to say, it was worthy of the days of Sardanapalus, Heliogabalus, and Apicius, with the addition of modern civilization and luxury.

We have alluded to meetings once popular, that have now ceased to exist, and there is one that gave great promise of success, which is now scarcely remembered except by a few, who, living in the metropolis, were desirous of encouraging a race within a reasonable distance, and which could be attended with comparatively trifling expense. We allude to the London Hippodrome, which was opened in 1838, and was fully attended by a patrician and plebeian multitude. The spot (within two miles of the Marble Arch) was appropriate and picturesque, the turf springy, and the course well laid out, and yet the whole affair proved a complete failure. Had a large subscription been raised, and a Metropolitan Handicap been advertised, with the names of

some of the leading members of the turf as stewards, the result would have been different, and the Hippodrome might have still been as highly thronged with Young Englanders of the present day, as the sanded arena (from which it derived its name) was in ancient times by the Roman youth. No one, who remembers the grassy sward of 1838, would recognize the spot again; houses, streets, crescents, churches, shops, stables, taverns, and gin-palaces have sprung up in every direction, and London may now be said to have joined a district which a few years ago was famed for its green fields, shady woods, and rippling streams. We well recollect the time when the present site of St. George's-square, Pimlico, and its adjacent streets, was bounded by Tothill Fields; when the five fields at Chelsea occupied the present Belgravia; when Harley Fields extended to within a hundred yards of Cavendish Square; when scarcely a habitable house was to be found west of Tyburn turnpike, and when, according to the poet, as may be gleaned from the following verses, Paddington was compared to a favourite spa, and Bayswater could boast of a stream similar to that of

Bendemeer, immortalized by Thomas Moore:

"While some post to Brighton to take a salt dip,
And others at Cheltenham the famed waters sip,
Give me the delights which our good London yields,
Give me the delights of gay Paddington's fields!

"For there 'tis my pleasure on Sundays to stray
Through fields clad with corn, and through sweet-scented hay;
Each passer looks cheerful, each lassie so fair,
Complacency smiles on her youth debonnaire.

"But when with my ramble I 'gin to grow tired,
My pipe, ale, and biscuit are always required;
I haste to regale me, retir'd from Sol's gleam,
Beneath the green willows of Bayswater's stream."

From racing we naturally turn to horses, and shall offer a few additional remarks upon the equine race, a race which has been noticed by one of the inspired writers, as possessing strength, vigour, courage, and beauty. Among profane writers, too, the noble animal has ever been eulogised: poets have portrayed his qualities in the most figurative and expressive language, nor have prose writers been less profuse in their praise. In bygone days kings, princes, and rulers deemed it a great honour to be called

"horsebreakers," and both Ovid and Virgil sing in praise of the *equus caballus*. As their descriptions, however, must be familiar to most of our readers, we turn from classic lore to sober reality.

In this country, the horse has always been considered an object of the highest interest, and from its earliest period England was celebrated for the excellence of the breed of this most useful animal. When Julius Cæsar landed on the shores of Kent, he was received by the cavalry and war chariots of the islanders; the cognizance which waved on the Kentish Royal banner was a white horse; and the Saxons were so fully aware of the importance of preserving the native breed, that Athelstane made a legal enactment to prevent the exportation of horses, excepting as presents. Had such a law still remained in force, we should not have had the mortification of hearing annually of the most valuable of our horses being transferred from our native land to France, Germany, Russia, and the United States.

To resume: There is no document in existence to prove what the character of the native breeds was, up to the Norman Conquest; but that they were powerful and well suited to the purposes of

war, both in size and training, can be gleaned from ancient historians. The first attempt on record to improve the national stock, by the introduction of foreign blood, occurred during the reign of William the Conqueror, when Roger de Belesme, Earl of Shrewsbury, imported the handsome and docile Spanish horse, and bred from it on his estates in Wales, a country which was long celebrated for the swiftness of its horses, a quality evidently derived from the admixture of blood. When we compare the military chargers of old, caparisoned in panoply of mail, and carrying steel and iron-clad warriors, with horses of the present day, it must be self-evident that their power and endurance must have been greater than those of modern war-steeds.

King John, who was devoted to the pomp and circumstance of military array, conferred a lasting benefit on the country by the importation of a large quantity of Flanders horses; and Henry the Eighth issued some oppressive edicts, with a view of keeping up the standard size and excellence of horses. It is, however, unnecessary to trace the progress made by the introduction of Lombard and Spanish sires. Suffice it to say,

when the musket was substituted for the cross-bow and battle-axe, when the light one-handed sword took the place of the cumbrous two-handed one, and when coats of mail for man and beast were laid aside, the improvement in the British horse commenced, and speed, action, and blood were more sought after than mere animal strength.

The various breeds of horses which are employed in England may be divided into the following principal forms, of each of which there are several varieties: the race-horse, the hunter, the hack, the park-horse, the Galloway, the pony, the coach-horse, and the heavy draught-horse. The introduction of horse-racing, reduced to a regular system, was the principal cause of the rapid improvement in the breed of racers; and to the predilection for this sport evinced by the first James, and his judgment in these matters, we are indebted for the first attempt to introduce the pure Arabian blood into this country. The royal experiment, however, does not appear to have met with much support from his immediate successors, and it was not until after a lapse of many years, during which some occasional importations of

Turkish and Barbary horses and mares were made, that the Arabian blood was again resorted to. The advantages which were produced by the Darley Arabian and others were soon perceptible, and the amelioration was not confined to mere race-horses, for one of the best authorities remarks :—

"By a judicious admixture and proportion of blood, we have rendered our hunters, our hackneys, our coach—nay, even our cart-horses, much stronger, more active, and more enduring than they were before the introduction of the race-horse."

That the infusion of Eastern blood into our native breeds of horses has produced that almost inconceivable fleetness which has characterized the flyers of the turf, cannot be questioned, as the most celebrated horses this country has ever produced are traceable to some or other of the well-known Arabian, Barbary, or Turkish stallions which have from time to time been imported.

The celebrated Eclipse could boast of the blood of the Darley Arabian, the Lister Turk, the D'Arcy White Turk, Hutton's Bay Turk, the

Leeds and the Godolphin Arabian; and in many other cases an equal preponderance of foreign blood is to be traced. The importance of the influence of the sire in breeding horses is clearly demonstrated by the fact that the progeny of the most celebrated racers have generally sustained the excellence of their sires; thus the descendants of Eclipse numbered no fewer than three hundred and sixty-four winners; and those of Matchem, Highflyer, and others, have partaken of the same inherited excellence.

To prove how much the "high-mettled racer" partakes of the excitement of the sport he is engaged in, and what energy he evinces to reach the winning goal, we quote an anecdote of a horse called Forester, who had won many a hardly-contested prize:—

"At length, however, overweighted and overmatched, the rally had commenced; his opponent, who had been waiting behind, gained upon him; he overtook him, and they continued head to head within the distance. It was a point that could scarcely be decided; but Forester's strength was failing; he made one desperate plunge, seized

his antagonist by the jaw to hold him back, and could scarcely be forced to quit his hold."

In conclusion, although the race-horse is generally distinguished by his beautiful head, his fine and firmly-set-on neck, his oblique lengthened shoulders, well-bent hinder legs, ample muscular quarters, his flat legs, rather short from the knee downwards, and his long and elastic pastern, it is perfectly clear that many first-rate horses have deviated from the above perfect symmetry, and (as the trainers say), "although rum ones to look at, they run in all shapes and sizes."

The hunter requires a greater degree of enduring strength than the racer; and in the present day, when the speed of the foxhound is as much attended to as the nose, great fleetness is necessary for those who are called upon to take part in the foremost flight. The records of these noble animals, who, disdaining to yield, have fallen victims to the ardour of the chase, are proverbial to sportsmen, and there is scarcely a season passes without some equine sacrifice being offered at the shrine of hard-riding Nimrods. Temper, speed, courage, and endurance are points essentially necessary for the hunter, who should

be from fifteen to sixteen hands high; head rather small, neck thin, chest ample, forehead a little raised, barrel round and full, body compact, legs muscular and not lengthy, loins broad, thighs thick and muscular, feet well formed and straightly placed. A clever hack is almost as difficult to procure as a good hunter; he ought to possess first-rate action, should be perfectly sound, free from vice, and never shy nor stumble. When used to ride to cover, he should be a steady fencer, so as to be able to carry his master across country to the place of meeting. A park horse is even more scarce than a roadster; for he should combine beauty, action, temper, and gentleness, so that he may never fidget about in a crowd, or annoy his rider even when under the influence of a hot July sun, or when smarting from the sting of a swarm of flies, gnats, or mosquitoes. We have often heard it remarked that a hundred-and-fifty or two hundred pounds is an outrageous price for a good park hack, and we grant that it is a large sum to give, but for those who can afford it there is not a better outlay of money. From the beginning of May until the end of July your horse is generally,

weather permitting, brought to the door at a little before twelvé o'clock, and seldom returns to his stable before two o'clock; then at three or a little after, you are again in the saddle, anxious to show off yourself and your "bit of blood" in Rotten-row, the Regent's, St. James's and Green Parks, or Kensington Gardens. And here we must digress to offer a few remarks upon the late innovation of allowing equestrians in that locality, in the precincts of the "Court suburb," previously confined to pedestrians. When the Commissioner of Public Works stated in the House of Commons that great improvements had been made for the walking population, and drew a contrast between the space allotted to them and their more fortunate mounted brethren, the honourable member quite forgot to mention that the Regent's Park and St. John's Wood are open to horsemen who really require fresh air and exercise; and are not content with lounging on their steeds. Our main objection to the new movement is, that the boon is granted to those who can extend their rides to many of the suburban districts; while invalids, young children, and elderly people are obliged to confine their walks to within the

precincts of the metropolis. That Kensington Gardens will never become a popular ride can be proved by the fact that few persons of either sex during the past season availed themselves of the privilege, and that the majority evidently preferred the crowd and bustle of Rotten Row to the secluded avenues of the Royal Gardens; still there were sufficient to interfere with the privacy of those who were wont to take delight in the quiet, shady walks of this ancient palace of our kings and queens. If the accommodation of the million was studied, a drive from the Bayswater to the Knightsbridge road, across the park under the wall of Kensington Gardens, would prove an immense benefit, and it is one that we hope ere long will be carried out; this alteration, and the removal of the miserable turnpike gates at Knightsbridge and Bayswater, which buildings are a disgrace to the metropolis, ought at once to be taken in hand. Indeed, we see no reason why the roads within the metropolitan districts should not be kept in order by a rate, similar to the lighting and paving act. We well remember the time when a turnpike stood close to Apsley House, at the corner of Piccadilly, and which cut off all visitors going

to Grosvenor Place (for the rest of Belgravia was not then in prospective existence); there was also one nearly opposite Connaught Place, called Tyburn Gate, and for years these nuisances were allowed to exist; happily, however, they were removed, and the public derived the greatest benefit by the movement. Setting aside the inconvenience of being called upon to pay a few halfpence when driving or riding to Campden Hill, and the new popular colony of Phillimore Gardens, that has sprung up near it, called by some "The Far West," the Knightsbridge turnpike is, in a national point of view, a disgrace to the country. What can a foreigner think—who has been accustomed to enter Paris by the Arc de L'Etoile, Rome by the Porta del Popolo, Milan by the Porta Orientale, Florence by the Cascini, Vienna by the Prater, St. Petersburgh by the Nevski Prospect, Brussels by the Laeken road, Marseilles through its triumphal arch, Bordeaux by the bridge over the Garonne, and Berlin by the Brandenburg Thor and Unter den Linden—when he arrives near the Queen's Gate, and sees a small wooden tenement, about the size of a Brighton bathing-machine, or a railway horse-box, with two immense iron smoke funnels, twice as high as the building

itself, and a table of tolls as large as the door of the collector's dwelling?

The month of December, 1860, was unquestionably one in which the English sportsman could enjoy little or no amusement. Snow and frost put an end to hunting, and the game was in most places so scarce that many proprietors gave the wretched remnant of it a jubilee. Under these circumstances, the weather on the continent being telegraphed "tolerably fair," we set out on a tour to the south of La Belle France; and as our trip was more or less a sporting one, we consider it comes legitimately under the title of our work, and shall introduce it accordingly. If our account of this tour had formed a separate work, we might have affixed to it the title of "From Bayswater to Bordeaux; with remarks on French Society, La Chasse, and the Vinous Productions of France and Germany." In doing so we should only have been following the example of other writers, some of them distinguished, who have given alliterative names to their works, as "From May Fair to Marathon," "Bermondsey to Babelmandeb," "Cornhill to Cairo;" and we think it not improbable that in course of time we may hear of "From Camden Town to

Calcutta," "Belgravia to Berlin," "Tyburnia to the Tyrol," "Whitechapel to Wiesbaden," "Brompton to Bethabara," "Kensington to Kinsengen," "Hammersmith to Hongkong," and "Pimlico to Pekin."

Tempted by an advertisement in the *Times*, "Return Tickets to London and Paris in ten hours and a quarter," and having a friend who had some business to transact at the vinous city on the Garonne, I gladly availed myself of his kind offer to accompany him there. Passports procured (happily, thanks to Napoleon III., the last that will be required), portmanteaus packed, and with an order on a Parisian bank to cash our cheques, we left Bayswater—will the reader be shocked when I add *by the bus?*—for London Bridge station. There we quickly possessed ourselves of two small yellow books, which were to pass us to the metropolis of France, and back to England within the month. At 10.15 we started, reached Folkstone at midday (where our passports were *viséed*, and the official fee'd), and then on board the "Grand Warden," steamer, which, after a rough voyage of two hours and a half, landed ninety individuals at Boulogne. Where the majority

hid themselves I know not, for not more than twenty appeared on deck; it is true that, on putting my head into the cabin, I saw a few prostrate victims, and concluding *si sic ut omnes*, I made a hasty retreat. On setting foot on foreign land, our passports were again inspected, and, threading our way through a crowd of railway officials, police, commissioners, hotel touters, fishwomen, and idlers, we proceeded to the Hôtel des Bains, where, to our dismay, we found that, despite the advertisements in the London papers, the ten hours and a quarter system had ceased to be carried out, and that the earliest train would not reach Paris before half-past eleven at night. We, however, contented ourselves with a stroll to the upper town, a very fair dinner, and a glass or two of pure Burgundy. On reaching the "city of frivolities," we found some friends waiting for us, and having possessed ourselves of the luggage, which we had lost sight of at London Bridge station, drove off to the Grand Hôtel du Louvre, where rooms were prepared for us. In France, as in England, the adage of "first come, first served," is not carried out, and we were shown to apartments facing the Rue St. Honoré. Upon

remonstrating upon the darkness and noise that must arise from such a prospect, we were conducted to others facing the Tuileries; consoling ourselves that we had got off better than one of our countrymen did at Margate, who, on complaining that a newly-erected dead wall had spoilt his prospect, received the cool reply, "Oh, that's *your* look out."

There are a variety of opinions respecting the Hôtel du Louvre—some over-praise, others underrate it; many contend that you are hurried and have not enough to eat at the *table d'hôte*, while a large proportion proclaim the dinner as faultless. To view the case dispassionately, as we hope to do, we will not be led into too fulsome eulogiums, nor fall into prejudice and unjust censure; there can be no doubt that the general system is good, but many improvements might be made. Among the advantages, we would mention the comfort of being set down under a glass roof, thus braving the "pelting of the pitiless storm;" another is to find a carriage at all hours, under the same shelter, to take you a drive, to dinner, or the theatre; a third is to be able to choose an excellent apartment, and to know the charge for it with at-

tendance; a fourth is to have a splendid saloon, warm and well-lighted, open from an early hour in the morning until late at night, in which you can write, or read the foreign and English newspapers; the fifth is the punctuality and goodness of the six o'clock dinner. As the clock strikes the meal is served, and we own we found nothing to be dissatisfied with. The room, as handsome and large a one as any in St. James's Palace, is splendidly illuminated and decorated, so much so, that we were reminded of the old joke of the man who, when praising his golden ornaments, was told by his guests that they came for his *carving*, not for his gilding. To resume, the tables are well laid out, the waiting excellent, and for the sum of seven francs (five-and-tenpence English), you have soup, fish, entrées, sweets, dessert, and very good *vin ordinaire à discretion*. We subjoin a bill of fare:—

HOTEL DU LOUVRE.

MENU.

Potage Colbert.
Merlans frits.
Filet de Bœuf, sauce Madère, garni de pommes lovette.
Petites Bouchées de Homard.

Poulet Toulouse.
Faisan et Perdreaux rôtis.
Salade.
Laitue braisée au jus.
Pommes Meringuées.
Parfait glacé.
Dessert.

In adition to the above, the hotel is thoroughly warmed, and brilliantly lighted, nor are the charges at all exorbitant. A single man may have an excellent bed-room, a *déjeûner à la fourchette*, a *table d'hôte* dinner, and the use of the reading-room, including attendance, for seventeen francs (*id est*, fourteen shillings and twopence) per diem. Now, the drawbacks are, the "darkness visible" of the morning-rooms, which are obliged to be lighted with gas between nine and ten in the morning; nor are the cutlets, "bifsteaks," rognons, at breakfast, so well dressed as they ought to be (and could be) in such an establishment. With respect to Paris itself, the modern improvements are perfectly astounding, and those who remember the town, Champs Elysées, and Bois de Boulogne as they were, would not recognize them in their modern garb.

After three pleasant days in the metropolis, we

left for the south of France. The station of the Paris and Orléans Railway is situated at the entrance of the Boulevard de l'Hôpital, near the Jardin des Plantes, and is a roomy, convenient building. Upon entering the well-warmed carriage, and, at the sound of the bell, taking one's departure at a most rapid rate, it is impossible not to look back to those days when a lumbering diligence, a heavy calèche, or a rumbling coach was the only means of transportation from one city to another; or to be reminded of the remark of Madame de Sévigné respecting her son's wonderful journey:

"My son left Orléans by the diligence which leaves Orléans every day at three o'clock in the morning, and arrived the same night at Paris!"

Nor, independent of the badness of the roads, which often presented the greatest obstacles to travellers, were the associations very agreeable, for the above-quoted clever writer states, in a letter of the 11th of September, 1675, addressed to Monsieur de Coulanges:

"We, this morning, saw upon the high road the bodies of two villains hanging on the trees."

Return we to our route. After passing the forti-

fications, we reached Choisy, formerly an insignificant village on the Seine, inhabited only by a few fishermen and boatmen, but raised to importance by Madame Montpensier, who built a château on its banks—the scene of many a sad moment when this ill-fated lady mourned the absence of Lauzun, and where she was subjected to the scornful reproach of her lover, when, upon throwing herself at his feet, exclaiming,

"Return to me, who love you so passionately!"

She was met with the unfeeling answer—

"Louise of Orléans, you are wrong to weep, for it makes you older and uglier than ever!"

The old château was pulled down by the order of Louis XV., and a new one erected.

Athis and Mons are interesting from the fact of Louis XI. and Philippe le Bel having resided at the former. Near Juvisy is the hamlet of Fromenteau, where, on the 30th of March, 1814, Napoleon I. received a despatch informing him of the capitulation of Paris. The châteaux of Fromont and Petit Bourg are very striking objects, but we have not time to linger over them, as we must proceed to Corbeil, which contains a fine church called Saint Spire.

At Essonnes is the house built and inhabited by Bernardin de Saint Pierre, and at the Pont des Belles Fontaines a monument records the public works executed by Louis XV., in the construction of a new road—works which, in our days, would not merit so high a eulogium as the one referred to:—

"Ludovicus XV., rex Christianissimus,
Viam hanc difficilem, arduam ac pene inviam,
Scissis disjectisque rupibus,
Explanato colle, ponte et aggeribus constructis, planam.
Rotabilem et amœnam fieri curavit, 1728."

The château de Savigny-sur-Orge is interesting from its having been the residence of the widow of the Maréchal Davoust, and at Epinay we are reminded of the postilion of Longjumeau, that town being at an easy distance from it. We next approached Montlhéry, with its ancient castle and town, and shortly afterwards reached Étampes, where we were highly delighted with the public buildings. From this town to Orléans the road is replete with picturesque villages, and the forest, which encircles the hamlet of Cercottes, is extremely grand. Upon reaching the Orléans station, we found the table d'hôte ready for a

déjeûner à la fourchette, and it was so good and so admirably served, that we must record it: Pieds à la poulette, Côtelettes à la Dauphine, Poularde sauté aux champignons, Bœuf (froid) à la gelée, Pommes de terre, Haricots blancs, Dessert, Vin Ordinaire. Price, three francs; half-a-crown English.

The entrance to Orléans from the railway has nothing to command attention, but on approaching it from the south, over a fine bridge of nine arches across the Loire, it is noble and striking. Apart from historical recollections, the city has not much to recommend it, for the streets, with some few exceptions, are narrow, and the houses small; there is, however, one handsome street, which conducts from the bridge, and is composed of splendid modern buildings. In this stands the celebrated monument, where Charles VII. and Joan of Arc are represented kneeling before the body of our Saviour, extended on the Virgin's lap. It was erected by order of that monarch, to perpetuate his victories over the English. All the figures are in iron. The king appears bare-headed, and by his side lies his helmet, surmounted with a crown; opposite to him is the maid of

Orléans uncovered, and in the same attitude of pious gratitude to heaven. In the Hôtel de Ville is a portrait of the same extraordinary woman, which was painted in 1581. The artist seems to have drawn a flattering likeness, and to have heightened her beauty by the addition of imaginary charms. Her face, although long, is fine and intelligent, her hair falling loosely over her shoulders, under a head-dress encircled with pearls, and shaded with white plumes, tied under the chin with a fillet. About her neck is a little band; and lower down, a necklace composed of small links. Her habit is not very easy to describe; it fits close to the figure, and is cut and slashed at the arms and elbows. Round her waist is a highly embroidered girdle, and in her right hand she wields that trusty sword with which she expelled the enemies of her country. I gazed for a considerable time on the portrait of this far famed woman, the wonder of all ages—whose sex, youth, previous obscurity, unparalleled success, and cruel end, have rendered her name immortal.

From Orléans to Menars the country is not very picturesque, and passing Saint Ay, Meung, and Beaugency, we reached Ménars, which was

the seat of Madame Pompadour, who at her death bequeathed it to her only brother, the Marquis de Maringy. Since that period it has been held by the Maréchal Duc de Bellune, and by the Prince de Chimay, who established a college, a school of arts, commerce, and agriculture. In 1848, Monsieur César Fichet replaced the above by a school, which ranks very high, and the terms of which are extremely reasonable. The situation of the château, on a high range of hills overhanging the Loire, is of unequalled beauty, and the prospects from it are extensive and picturesque; towns, palaces, castles, villages, forests, and vineyards are spread below, while the noble river glides rapidly through the vale, diffusing plenty and fertility in its progress. The gardens, which are laid out with exquisite taste, are adorned with statues and vases, and the terrace scarcely yields to that of Windsor Castle. Blois, which we next approach, is one of the most picturesque towns in this part of the country; indeed, so striking is it, that La Fontaine described it as one of the most beautiful and agreeable spots in the world. It contains a Cathedral, the Episcopal Palace, the Church of Notre Dame,

the Beauvoir Tower with its ancient dungeons, some fine gardens and fountains.

The Castle of Blois is replete with historical associations. Within its walls Louis the Twelfth was born; in it were solemnised the nuptials of Margaret, sister of Francis I., and of the second Margaret de Valois, wife of Henry IV.; here Isabella of Bavaria, Queen of France, and Mary de' Medici were imprisoned, and the Duke and Cardinal de Guise were sacrificed to the vengeance of Henry III.; where Valentine of Milan, Anne of Bretagne, first wife to Louis XII. (his second being Mary, sister to Henry VIII. of England)—where Claude, daughter of Anne of Bretagne—and Catherine de' Medici, so renowned for her genius and her crimes—expired in 1589. Throughout the building may be traced the cyphers and devices of succeeding monarchs: the porcupine of Louis the XII., the salamander in the flames of Francis, and the moon (in the form of a crescent) of his son Henry; and the gallery constructed by *le bon Henri Quatre*, and the elms planted by Catherine de' Medici, still recall the splendour of bygone days.

The castle stands on a rock immediately above

the Loire. Here the ancient Counts of Blois resided, and erected the first château, of which no remains except a large round tower now exist. Guy, last Count of Chatillon, sold it to Louis, Duke of Orléans, brother to Charles VI., who was afterwards murdered at Paris: from him it descended to his grandson, Louis XII. The northern front was built by Francis I., in a style that proved how much more refined the arts were during his reign, than in previous ones. Among the curiosities of the venerable pile, may be mentioned the apartment in which Henry, Duke of Guise, was assassinated; the tower of Château-Regnaud, famed for the murder of the Cardinal of Guise; the dungeon in which he passed the night previous to his execution, with the Archbishop of Lyons; the *Salle des États*, where Henry III. assembled the States twice during his reign, in the chimney of which, according to tradition, the bodies of the Duke and Cardinal were consumed to ashes. The western front is the work of Gaston, Duke of Orléans, brother to Louis XIII.; but he died before the building was completed, prognosticating the future state of ruin in which it would be left: "*Domus mea*,

domus desolationis in æternum!" There is some degree of interest attached to the Episcopal Palace, from the fact of its having been the residence of proud "Austria's mournful flower," Marie Louise, and the young King of Rome, in 1815, but with the exception of the castle there is not much to excite the traveller's attention in Blois.

Upon the following day we visited Chambord, the far-famed palace of Francis I., which stands on the southern side of the Loire; it is embosomed in thick woods, and is replete with Gothic architectural beauties. Within these walls the above monarch entertained the Emperor Charles V. Here, too, in a pane of glass in the small cabinet near the chapel, were the two sarcastic lines written by Francis:

"Souvent femme varie,
Bien fol est qui s'y fie."

Henry II. carried on the works which his father had not completed. Francis II. and Catherine de' Medici passed a great portion of their time at Chambord; but neither the third nor fourth Henry took any pleasure in it, the latter preferring Saint Germain and Fontainebleau, as

being nearer Paris; Louis XIII. occasionally resided here, as did Louis XIV. During the reign of the first Napoleon, the property was presented to the Prince de Wagram, with a charge on the navigation of the Rhine, upon the condition that the château was to be restored; this stipulation was not carried out, and when Louis XVIII. came to the throne, the Princesse de Wagram let the property, with right of hunting, to an Englishman. In 1821 the domain was purchased for the Duc de Bordeaux. The interior once possessed a curious double staircase, so placed that two persons could ascend and descend at the same time without meeting. The chapel, built by Henry II. is in good preservation, and from the gardens and terraces a good view of the picturesque and handsome façade may be had.

After passing Chousy and Onzain, we reached Mont-Chaud, or le Mont-Chauve, now called Chaumont. The castle of Chaumont is built on a high promontory about five leagues below Blois, and commands a most extensive prospect; the pile is Gothic, and was erected about the middle of the fifteenth century by the Lords of Am-

Louis XII., the Cardinal Amboise, was born; Henry II. presented it to Diane de Poitiers, who, on the death of her royal lover, beautified it greatly; Catherine de' Medici, who had long envied her the possession, succeeded in exchanging the palace of Chenonceaux for that of Chaumont. After the death of Catherine it fell into various hands. At Chaumont Madame de Staël wrote that splendid passage on liberty, contained in her work entitled, "Ten Years of Exile."

Immediately opposite it, about a mile from the Loire, stands the castle in which Louis, Prince de Condé, slain at Jarnac, was imprisoned.

Amboise, which is mean and ill-built, has been rendered famous by the conspiracy, in 1560, which commenced the fatal wars of Coligni and Calvinism. The castle is situated on a craggy rock, and the view from it embraces a rich profusion of natural beauties, in the enchanting landscapes that surround it. Many historical events give an interest to Amboise; Charles VIII. was born and died here, and François Premier passed his early days at the château, under the care of

year 1563, the château was converted into a state prison, and among its inmates may be named the Archbishop of Lyons, the Cardinal de Bourbon, the Prince de Joinville, César, Duc de Vendôme, and Alexander, his brother, natural sons of Henry IV. and *la belle* Gabrielle. In 1762, Louis XV. exchanged the château d'Amboise for the territory of Limousin. Napoleon I. gave it to his ancient colleague, Roger Ducos. On the restoration it became the property of the Duke of Orléans, and here was afterwards confined Abd-el-Kader, who was liberated in 1852 by Napoleon III., then President of the Republic.

Within a short distance of Amboise stands La Pagode de Chanteloup, which was erected on the ruins of the Château de la Bourdasière. It was here that the exiled minister, le Duc de Choiseul, retired, when banished from the Court of Louis XV. From Chanteloup we proceeded to Chenonceaux, the castle of which, on the defalcation of one of the Bohier family, was confiscated to the Crown, and became a hunting-seat of Francis I. Shortly after Henry II. ascended the throne, he presented the domain to Diane de Poitiers, who, as will be seen in our description of Chaumont,

was compelled to exchange it with Catherine de' Medici for the last-mentioned place.

Previous to the death of Catherine, she bequeathed it to Louise de Lorraine, wife of Henry III., who occupied it at the time her husband was assassinated by Jacques Clément. During the remainder of her widowhood life, the château bore emblems of her grief; none, however, remain, except the following line from Virgil:—

"Sævi monumenta doloris,"

which can still be traced on the mantel-piece of her apartment. After the death of Louise de Lorraine, Chenonceaux came into the possession of the Duchesse de Vendôme, and in 1730 was sold to Monsieur Dupin, who, with his wife, restored it to its former splendour. It was under their hospitable roof that the *élite* of society assembled—Fontenelle, Tressan, Montesquieu, Buffon, Mably, Condillac, Sainte Palaye, l'Abbé de Saint Pierre; here Bolingbroke and Voltaire met Mesdames de Boufflers, de Luxembourg, de Rohan-Chabot, de Forcalquier, de Mirepoix, de Tencin, du Deffant. Jean Jacques Rousseau was presented to Monsieur Dupin in 1743, and thus records his visit four years later:—

"In 1747 we passed the autumn at the Château de Chenonceaux: there is much to amuse in this beautiful spot; one lives well, and I am become as fat as a monk."

The philosopher then proceeds to state that he composed many verses and songs during his visit; and the theatre is still shown in which his popular opera of "Le Devin du Village" was represented for the first time. The château and park are open to strangers, and a visit will well repay those interested in scenes of bygone associations.

Among the portraits are those of Diane de Poitiers, Louis XIII., Catherine de' Medici, Francis I., and a bust of Agnes Sorel. In the chapel, which was constructed in the sixteenth century, are six extremely handsome painted glass windows, an elaborately carved pulpit, a magnificent vaulted roof, the confessional of Francis I., and a fine head of our Saviour, attributed to Michael Angelo.

For a description of events that occurred at Loches, we must refer our readers to the history of France. The château (could its walls speak) would tell of the loves of Charles VII. and Agnes

Sorel; would bring Anne de Bretagne and her second husband, Louis XII., vividly before us; would describe the pomp of the reception of Charles V. by Francis I.; and the pageants of Henry II. and Catherine de' Medici. Among the curiosities of the old château are—the dungeons; one is shown in which Ludovico Sforza, surnamed the Moor, was confined for ten years, and died. Given up by the Swiss in his service to the French, he was most harshly treated. Louis XII. had not the generosity to liberate him; and some lines engraven on the prison wall will show the feelings of the captive prince:—

"*Qui vevlt tver son chien, on lvi met sy de estre en rage: ainsi estre de da povre personne qve on velvt haïr.*

Among other prisoners confined at Loches may be mentioned Pierre de Navarre; the Bishops of Puy and Autun; le Sieur de Saint-Vallier, accused of being an accomplice of the Constable de Bourbon; Marshal Oudard de Biez, the Duc d'Elbeuf, the Marquis of Chandenier, head of the house of Rochechouart, nephew of the Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld, and one of the four Cap-

tains of the Guards in 1653. At the Sous-Préfecture, formerly, as it is said, the Royal Palace, may be seen the tomb of Agnes Sorel, mistress to Charles VII., and the oratoire of Anne de Bretagne, a splendid specimen of Gothic architecture. We have lingered too long at Loches, and passing Beaulieu, Noizay, Vernou, Vouvray, and Montlouis, we reached Tours, and took up our quarters at the Hôtel de l'Univers, a most excellent establishment, on the Boulevard Heurteloup.

Tours is built on a fine plain on the Loire, and the surrounding country is fertile and luxuriant to the greatest degree: it boasts of a very noble stone bridge, of fifteen arches; a handsome suspension one; a cathedral, in which may be seen the tomb of two children of Charles VIII., and Anne de Bretagne (this mausoleum is in white marble); Charlemagne's tower, the Palais de Justice, a public library, and museum. From time immemorial, Tours has been famed for the beauty of its inhabitants; nor does it seem degenerated in our days, for we saw some females, who, in some degrees, came up to the eulogium of one of the Marmoutier Monks (we quote his inflated language):—

"The women here are of a beauty that surpasses imagination. Those of other countries appear actually ugly by their side. With this is combined a taste in their dress, which adds greatly to their grace. Their looks captivate the eye——;" but here we must stop; for the man of cloisters, though he praises their chastity, indulges in a most anti-monasterial strain, worthy an Abelard.

To resume. Having letters of introduction to some leading residents at Tours, we were very hospitably entertained, especially by Monsieur Sentier and his most estimable wife. The dinner party consisted of the mayor, who is a deputy, and some of the principal inhabitants. Nothing could exceed the attention of our host and hostess, and the dinner and wines were faultless. The table was not crowded with dishes, as it too often is in England, where the Russian system is not adopted, nor were there as many *entrées* and *entremets* as are usual when we dine *à la Russe*.

There was one peculiarity, which we think our Amphitryons at home would not be ambitious to follow, and that was, that every dish was placed before the master, who carved and sent it round. A great improvement has been made by our con-

tinental neighbours in the comforts of the table. Every *plat*, from the oysters to the dessert, is brought in separately, and the soup, dressed fish, the fricandeau, the cotelettes, the poularde, and the vegetables—nay, the plates—are as hot as the most ardent admirers of caloric could require.

To give a relish to the feast, a Lyons sausage, with more than a *soupçon* of garlic, was handed round—nor were sardines and olives wanting. The *meringues à la crême* and the *soufflet* were admirable, and the Sauterne, Champagne, and Bordeaux unequalled. There is a plan carried out at Tours (not that I am aware it was adopted on the above occasion), which might be imported into England with advantage: it is, to send to a fruiterer for a handsome dessert, who on the following morning takes back all that is left, charging only for what has been eaten. If we recollect rightly, Walker, in that cleverest of culinary works, "The Original," suggests that those who give dinners in London, or other large towns, should job hams and rounds of boiled beef from the best cook-shops, by which means they ensure tender and well-dressed joints.

Whether the fruit idea was taken from Walker

we know not; but it is one that cannot fail to be patronized wherever it is introduced. The conversation turned principally upon the rifle movement and *la chasse*. Everyone scouted the idea of French invasion, and quoted the new commercial treaty as a guarantee against war. Hunting and shooting also furnished a great topic for discussion, our friends contending that the *chasse au chevreuil* and *aux perdrix* was not to be found in any country so good as in France; while we, on the other hand, raised our voices for the sports of "Merrie England." As is usual upon such occasions, the lines of Hudibras (so often *mis*-quoted) were realized :—

> "He that complies against his will,
> Is of the same opinion still."

and although our opponents in argument were polite to a degree, it was quite evident that they preferred the sound of the horn, the galloping up and down rides in the forest, "the pomp and circumstance" of a foreign *chasse*, with its *piqueurs* equipped in blue and gold, to a five-and-thirty minutes' burst over a grass country in pursuit of a fox, which could not, like the object of their pursuit, be introduced *en marinade* at table.

When, talking of pheasant shooting, I stated that on that day twelvemonth I was present at a battue in Staffordshire, where in one day nearly a thousand pheasants were killed, and that during the five, the amount, including pheasants, hares, and woodcocks, was increased four-fold, I could evidently see that the party thought I was indulging in a "long bow." During our stay at Tours we had the good fortune to dine at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Tyndall, whose friendly welcome was most delightful. Mr. Tyndall is the principal engineer on the railway line, and his value, both in his public and private life, is duly appreciated by the French and English residents at this beautiful town.

As a matter of course, we devoted a few hours to Plessis-les-Tours, immortalized by Walter Scott. It is situated in a plain, surrounded by woods, within a short distance of the Loire. The admirer of the works of the great Magician of the North will, however, have to draw largely upon his own imagination to raise up "in his mind's eye" the ancient feudal castle described in "Quentin Durward."

The remains of a brick wall, half a tower—for

the principal part was erected a few years since to form a shot foundry—and a few broken busts, are all that remain. At the extremity of a little garden, even worse kept, if possible, than the house itself, is a small modern pavilion. From it the visitor descends into a dungeon, lighted by three windows, and adorned with an old chimney, which has been lately restored. An inscription of a not very vivacious character, placed over the door, pretends that the Cardinal La Balue was confined there from 1473 to 1482, when it is a well-known fact that this prelate underwent the whole of his imprisonment at Loches, from which he was released in 1480.

Louis XI., who disliked both the Châteaux d'Amboise and de Loches, had the present castle erected on the site of an ancient fort. Here he passed a great portion of his time, and here he breathed his last sigh. Since that period few historical events of interest have occurred in this domain, with the exception that in the grand hall the States met to confer upon Louis XII. the title of "Father of his people;" and in 1589 the park was the scene of that celebrated interview between Henry III. and Henry IV., which

united against the League the Reformers and the Royalists. Between Plessis-les-Tours and the hospital stands an old mansion, called "La Rabaterie," supposed to have been formerly the residence of Olivier le Daim—the barber-minister to Louis XI.

From Tours we proceeded to Châtellerault, which has little to recommend itself, beyond the manufactory of arms and cutlery. It furnishes, however, some recollections to the lover of history, as it was here that the marriage of Guillaume de Clèves with Jeanne d'Albret was celebrated; from this town Henry II. dated the edict which established a duty on salt in this province; and it was moreover the scene of many conflicts between the Protestants and Catholics.

The village of Les Barres is much sought after by the archæologists, as containing the ruins of a Roman mansion, and a monument with a Celtic inscription that has puzzled the antiquarians.

Moussais la Bataille is by many writers supposed to be the scene of the battle which took place, in 732, between the Franks and the Arabs. Dissais is famed for its red wines, and contains a handsome château, built in the fifteenth century.

After passing Chasseneuil, the valley of the Clain appears most picturesque, and the view of Poitiers on the hill is extremely striking. Having forwarded a telegraph message to a friend of my companion's, Monsieur Outellet, who has a town-house in, and a *château* near, Poitiers, we on our arrival at the station found his brother and a carriage in attendance. He explained that his brother, who is a great chasseur, was at his country-seat, but that a messenger had been dispatched for him; and upon reaching the house our host drove up to the door.

Nothing could exceed the polite attention and hospitality of Monsieur Outellet; he welcomed my friend and myself with a cordiality that proved he was really glad to receive our visit; and after presenting us to his daughter and son-in-law, made us feel quite at home by the friendliness of his manner. As dinner was ordered at six o'clock, we had no time to lionize the town; and that hour having arrived, and the "tocsin of the soul, the dinner bell," (as Byron calls it) having rung, we proceeded to the *salle à manger*. Much as we delight in the indigenous food of Old England, the highly-flavoured mock turtle, the simple

dressed sole, the juicy steak, the hot and hot mutton chop, the tender sirloin, the farm-fed griskin, the delicious plum-pudding, the frothy malt liquor, the home-brewed ale, with the foreign aid of old beeswing port, long-voyaged Madeira, and dry sherry, we own that a French dinner, well cooked and well served, is more to our taste, being light and easy of digestion; and, upon the occasion we refer to, nothing could exceed the excellence of the repast. So good was it, that we must lay the bill of fare before our readers:—Oysters—sauterne, pure and unadulterated—soup, unclammy and faultless—fish dressed *à merveille*—oyster patés of unobjectionable pastry—a *fricandeau à l'oseille*, *cotelettes de mouton à la soubise*, a splendid roast *poularde*, salad, *meringues à la crême*, Gruyere cheese, grapes and pears, champagne *bien frappée*, and claret of the first quality. The wine was so plentifully passed during the meal, that we felt no annoyance at having to follow the French custom of leading the ladies back to the drawing-room, where *café noir*, and liqueurs, including the best *eau de vie*, awaited us. Music occupied the evening, and at an early hour we retired to our rooms, greatly delighted with

the "feast of reason and the flow of soul." As the operations of the following day were multifarious, we assembled at eight o'clock to partake of tea and bread and butter, the substantial *déjeûner* not being ordered until one.

And here we must digress, to make a few remarks upon the early hours adopted abroad, much more sensible, we think, than the late ones followed in our own country. Light is intended for action, and darkness for rest; to employ them, therefore, according to their destined purposes, ought, it would appear, to be our constant aim, and yet how often is day turned into night, and night into day. To prove that the principle of early rising, which has been entirely reversed by the moderns, was once universally adhered to, we have only to remind our readers that in the fourteenth century the shops in Paris were opened at four in the morning; at present the proprietors are scarcely awake at eight. The King of France used then to dine at twelve in the morning, and retire to his bedchamber at eight in the evening, the hour at which most of our public amusements are but just begun. The Spaniards still adhere to their ancient customs,

dining at noon, and supping at nine in the evening. During the reign of Henry VIII. fashionable people in England breakfasted at seven in the morning, and dined at ten in the forenoon. In Elizabeth's time the nobility, gentry, and students dined at eleven in the forenoon, and supped about six in the afternoon. In the days of the "merry monarch," four in the afternoon was the appointed hour for acting plays, while in those of Victoria few think of dining until nearly four hours later.

To resume:—Much as we were accustomed to the comforts of an English breakfast, it would have been highly fastidious to have found fault with the French one. A wood fire blazed brightly on the hearth; the table was laid out with a neat china and silver service, while napkins white as snow, loaves of best wheaten bread, and butter that would have done credit to an Aylesbury dairy, were placed before each guest.

At nine we visited the principal objects of interest in the town, the park, cathedral, the church and tomb of Sainte Radegonde, Notre Dame la Grande, Saint Porchaire, the Palais de Justice, le Lycée, museums, library, and ruins of the

Roman amphitheatre. The spot, however, that interested me most was l'Hôtel de la Rose, at the corner of the Rue du Petit Maure, and la Rue Saint Etienne, where Joan of Arc was domiciled during her residence at Poitiers.

At eleven o'clock we entered our host's well-appointed barouche, and having stopped a few minutes on our way to witness the scene of the siege of this town by Coligny in 1569 (for it will be readily understood that any reference to the battle gained by Edward the Black Prince would have been bad taste), we proceeded to the Château de la Chaboissière, passing, as we afterwards ascertained, within a very short distance of the ground where, in 1356, the son of Edward of England vanquished the troops under John of France. The farm called Maupertuis by the historians is now called La Cardinerie.

At a little before twelve o'clock we reached the Château, which is about twelve kilos, or eight English miles, from Poitiers, on the Limoges road. The Château and the grounds have been greatly improved of late, and a new entrance and some handsome rooms added to the former have rendered it most complete. Our first visit was

to the stable, which contained some good riding and carriage horses, for Monsieur Outellet is not only very fond of the *chasse*, whether partridge or snipe shooting or stag hunting, but takes pride in a four-horse "drag," which would be a valuable acquisition to the London Driving Club. There was one system which we own surprised us, and that was the manner in which the two barouche horses were treated after their brisk trot: after washing their legs, they were taken into a warm stable, and a large quantity of dry straw placed on their backs beneath the clothing, there to remain until the animals were free from sweat.

From the stables we proceeded to the farm, which was kept up in first-rate order; the buildings are commodious and complete, and there seems to be "a place for everything, and everything in its place;" the agricultural implements are in good order, and the plough oxen in admirable working condition. Upon asking the proprietor why he preferred bovine to equine labourers, he replied that they ate less, ploughed better, and furnished more manure. That the four oxen attached to each plough did a good day's work may be proved by the fact that in summer

they work from five in the morning until seven in the evening, and during winter from nine till five. The plan adopted by Mr. Outellet, and which is not uncommon in the south of France, is for the proprietor to furnish carts, wagons, horses, oxen, and implements; the farmer working gratuitously, and paying all expenses attending the cultivation of the land, farm servants, &c., each party dividing equally the price of the grain and the profits.

At one o'clock we sat down to a splendid *déjeûner à la fourchette*, "so unlike the ghost of your vile English breakfast, your tea and your toast." We then retired to the drawing-room, where, to my great surprise, we found the blazing fire that had gladdened us during breakfast warming us in the adjoining room. Upon looking at the mechanism, which reminded us of a trick in a comic pantomime, we found that the grate turned on a pivot, thus having, like the poet's "chest of drawers," "a double debt to pay," by alternately burning in two apartments. Where rooms are *dos à dos*, the plan is simple and useful. A stroll through the woods and plantations, in which we saw some chevreuils, and put up several partridges,

occupied us until it was time to return to Poitiers; and being anxious to reach Bordeaux that night, we took leave of our kind friends, and at four o'clock took our seats in the well-warmed *coupé* of the Paris and Bordeaux railway carriages. No incidents worth recording occurred on our journey, and at a little before ten we reached the station of the vinous city. The night was fine; "the silver moon," as Home describes it, "unclouded, held its way through skies where I could count each little star," which, added to the brilliancy of the gas, and the lights of the shipping, quite illumined the town. Crossing the bridge, we at once proceeded to the Hôtel de France to order supper, and then strolled to the magnificent theatre, which is one of the finest buildings in the country. The opera of "Linda de Chamouni" was over before we arrived, but a smart, lively farce amply repaid our visit. Our *cœna* of oysters and grilled fowl, with potations of Bordeaux, drunk in the town that gives its name to this universally esteemed luxury, was one which Christopher North would have revelled in.

Bordeaux is situated on the banks of the Garonne; it describes the figure of a crescent

more than three miles in length, the buildings of which near the water side are lofty, substantial, and elegant. The bridge, composed of seventeen arches, is conspicuous for its exquisite masonry, and from it may be had as fine a view as can possibly be seen in Europe. The town on one side, with its magnificent cathedral, ancient gates, important quays, splendid public buildings, broad streets, well laid out gardens, fine squares, venerable ruins, interesting monuments, picturesque churches, learned colleges, charitable institutions, and broad open walks; beneath you, shipping of every nation, from the small coaster to the leviathan Brazilian merchantman of three thousand tons; and on the opposite side to the city, a range of hills covered with woods, vineyards, hamlets, cottages, churches, extends some miles. The following table will show the great increase that has taken place of late years in the shipping:

	Entered Inwards.		Entered Outwards.	
Years.	Vessels.	Tonnage.	Vessels.	Tonnage.
1853	1,480	198,976	1,181	192,232
1854	1,218	183,776	1,146	191,866
1855	1,541	236,582	1,363	241,554
1856	1,434	259,959	1,459	280,469
1857	1,718	334,620	1,784	351,301

The pilotage, too, during the above period, is as follows:—

Years.	Entered Inwards. Vessels.	Tonnage.	Entered Outwards. Vessels.	Tonnage.
1853	7,799	270,785	6,547	251,993
1854	7,557	226,910	6,018	198,972
1855	8,458	252,376	7,333	222,029
1856	11,306	354,457	10,105	312,657
1857	11,322	305,507	10,272	327,689

The exportation of wines merits a mention. We give a table of the quantity exported each year between 1850 and 1858, and which has been greatly increased within the last few years, and will be still more so under the Gladstone tariff:—

	In Casks.	In Bottles.
1850	635,906	40,462
1851	751,834	48,648
1852	690,867	56,060
1853	643,823	54,704
1854	452,040	58,338
1855	326,920	58,727
1856	359,404	66,721
1857	371,000	57,000

The beauty of the river and the fertility of the adjoining country were probably the causes which induced the Romans to lay the foundation of this city. The ruins of a large amphitheatre still remain, constructed under the Emperor Gallienus;

it is of brick, as are most of the buildings of that period, when the arts, like the empire, were verging to their fall. During the irruptions of the barbarous nations, and particularly in those made by the Normans, Bordeaux was ravaged, burnt, and almost entirely destroyed, and it only began to recover its former lustre when Henry II. of England, by his marriage with Eleanor d'Aquitaine, united it to his dominions. Edward the Black Prince brought his royal captive, John, to this city after the battle of Poitiers, and held his court and residence here during eleven years. Here his son, Richard II., was born. The popularity of the Black Prince was so great, that strangers flocked from every part of Europe to offer homage to a conqueror whose exalted character, unaffected modesty, extreme affability, and splendid munificence had made him the idol of the day. A hasty revolution of human greatness soon overtook him, and proved a memorable example of the uncertainty of sublunary grandeur. The ingratitude of the man to whom he had restored the kingdom, the death of his eldest son, which was the severest blow of all, added to a distempered frame, soon combined to undermine

his mind and body, and, overcome with poignant sorrow at the loss of his son, he quitted Bordeaux, and re-embarked for England, to expire at the early age of forty-five.

In 1453, Charles VII. re-entered the city, which for nearly three centuries had been under the English Government, and, conscious of the importance of such a conquest, he ordered two forts, the Château Trompette and the Château du Far, afterwards named Du Hâ, to be constructed to defend the passage of the river. The associations connected with Bordeaux are particularly interesting to an Englishman, for not only did the hero of Poitiers hold his court here, but the *Vainqueur du Vainqueur du Monde* here took leave of his army on the 14th of June, 1814, a year and a day before he was compelled to call their services into requisition against the French. The following is a copy of the General Order:—

"The Commander of the Forces, being on the point of returning to England, again takes this opportunity of congratulating the army upon the recent events, which have restored peace to their country and to the world.

"The share that the British army have had in

producing these events, and the high character with which the army will quit this country, must be equally satisfactory to every individual belonging to it, as they are to the Commander of the Forces; and he trusts the troops will continue the same good conduct to the last.

"The Commander of the Forces once more requests the army to accept his thanks.

"Although circumstances may alter the relations in which he has stood towards them for some years, so much to his satisfaction, he assures them he will never cease to feel the warmest interest in their welfare and honour, and that he will be at all times happy to be of any service to those to whose conduct, discipline, and gallantry their country is so much indebted."

To return to the city, and our late visit. Bordeaux still stands conspicuous for its pleasures. The opulence of its inhabitants enables them to indulge in those luxurious habits which are more usually to be met with within the precincts of a court than in a commercial community; thus the votaries of gaiety find time to amuse themselves with cards, balls, and plays, which entirely absorb their passions, leaving business, gain, and lucre

to their money-grubbing brethren. An excellent club exists at Bordeaux, to which all foreigners, with good letters of introduction, are readily admitted. Before quitting the city, we visited the ancient cathedral, before the high altar of which the unfortunate Duke of Guyenne, brother to Louis XI., lies buried.

As our journey was in winter, we were deprived of the landscape that must be so charming during the summer and autumn. We could, however, picture to our mind's eye the beautiful effect that would be produced on a bright sunny day, under a blue sky, when the hills are all covered with vines, and the valleys appear so rich and fertile that they scarcely require the industry of the peasant to produce the most plentiful crops; indeed nothing can be more picturesque than the whole of the country between Bordeaux and Tours. The trees in full verdure, the vines luxuriant and bending with the weight of the grape, reminding the looker-on of the lines of Milton:—

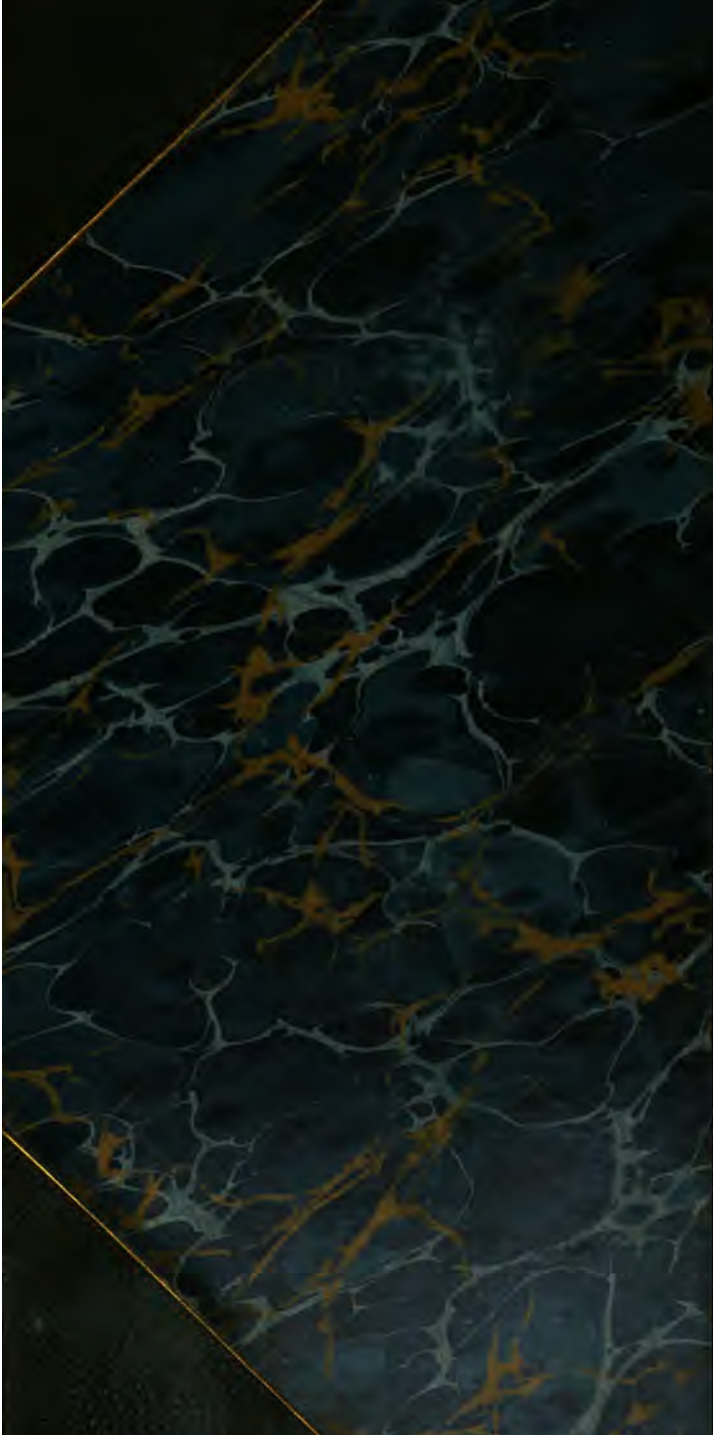
> "Or they led the vine
> To wed her elm; she round about him throws
> Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
> Her dower, th' adopted clusters to adorn
> His barren leaves."

Before quitting Bordeaux, we must remark that all French wines, especially those grown near Bordeaux, are certainly too often made up for the country by the factors; but instead of brandy, or any other ardent spirit, they receive their fulness from a slight mixture with excellent Hermitage. The most respectable houses at Bordeaux never use any other ingredient; the inferior use Beni Carlos and other abominable strong drugs, to make up their exports. Some of the wines grown near the Rhone merit every praise for flavour and strength; of these the white and red Hermitage are first-rate. The Côte Rotie, grown near Ampuis, on the right bank of the Rhone, is an excellent wine, and is much admired by connoisseurs in this country for its colour and strength, which latter quality makes it keep longer in our changeable climate than many other French red wines.

As our object has been to combine amusement with information, and as we strongly advise all tourists to include Bordeaux in their summer's excursion, we will lay before them the expenses that a party of two would, without reckless extravagance, incur during a month:—

Two First Class Tickets from London to Paris, available to return during the month	£9	0	0
Two First Class Tickets from Paris to Bordeaux and back (65 fr. 20 cents. each person, each way)	10	9	2
Living for two, for six days, at a Parisian Hotel	10	0	0
Living for the remaining twenty-four at Orléans, Blois, Tours, Chatelleraut, Poitiers, Angoulême, and Bordeaux	48	0	0
Sundries—Cabs, Fees to Keepers of Museums, Libraries, &c.	1	10	10
	£79	0	0

Which, according to Cocker, would enable a man to travel eleven hundred and seventy miles, at the rate of one pound six and four pence per diem, including journey, board, and lodging.

THE END.

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